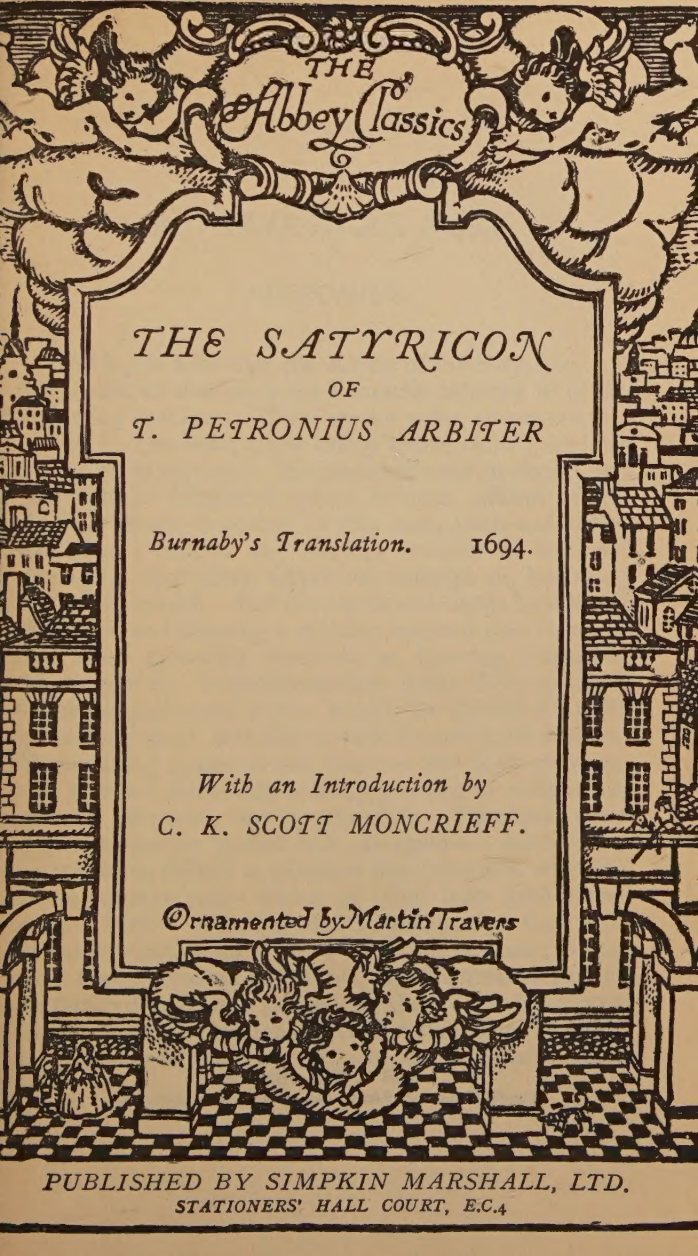


THE ABBEY CLASSICS—XVIII

PETRONIUS
THE SATYRICON





THE
Abbey Classics

THE SATYRICON
OF
T. PETRONIUS ARBITER

Burnaby's Translation. 1694.

With an Introduction by
C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

Ornamented by Martin Travers

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

PETRONIUS.

Nothing is known of the author of the *Satyricon*. It is considered that he is the *Petronius* referred to in the following passages. There are no other references.

'Of *C. Petronius*, a few things above recited are here againe to be repeated. He passed the day in sleepe, and the night in delightfull sports, or other affaires of life. And as others, industry; so this man, sloth had raised to fame: a riotous and wastfull spender he was, not accompted like many, which run through all, but using riot to his credit. And his words and deeds how much the freer, and shewing a certaine carelesnesse; so much the more gratefully received, as favoring somewhat of simplicity. Notwithstanding being Proconsull of Bithynia, and anon after Consull, he shewed himselfe quicke and stout, and able to wade thorow great matters. Then falling againe to his vices, or else shew of vices, was received esteeming nothing pleasant or delightfull, unlesse *Petronius*, had approved it. Therupon grew *Tigellinus* malice against him, as against a concurrent, or one more skilfull in pleasure then himselfe, whetting *Neroes* cruelty (unto which all other lusts gave place) against him: objecting the friendship he had with *Scevinus*, corrupting a slave to be his accuser: taking from him all meanes of defence, and the greatest part of his family drawne into prison. By chance about that time *Caesar* went to Campania, and *Petronius* gone as farre as Cumas, was there stayed; and not able any longer

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to indure the lingering betweene hope, or feare, yet did not rashly kill himselfe, but cutting his vaines, and binding them up as pleased him, opened them againe, and talked with his friends, though not of any serious matter, or worthy to purchase the glory of constancy: but gave care to those which discoursed with him, yet nothing of the immortality of the soule, or opinions of wise men, but of light verses, and easie songs. On some of his slaves he bestowed gifts, and on some stripes. He went sometimes abroad, and gave himselfe to sleepe, that although his death was constrained, yet it should be like a casuall death. Neither in his Testament (as most men were wont to doe) did hee flatter *Nero* or *Tigellinus* or any other favorite, but wrote downe the uncleane life of the Prince, under fained names of stale calamities abused against nature and of women, with the strangeness of the abuse of either of them; and sealed up, sent it to *Nero*, and brake his seale, least afterward it might serve to breed danger to others.' (*Tacitus. Annals. Greenway's Translation, 1622.*)

' *Titus Petronius*, late Consull of Rome, when hee lay at the point of death, called for a faire broad-mouthed cup of Cassidoine, which had cost him before-time three hundred thousand sesterces, and presently brake it in pieces in hatred and despight of *Nero* for feare lest the same prince might have seazed upon it after his decease, and therewith furnished his owne board.' (*Pliny the Elder. History of the World. Philemon Holland's Translation, 1601.*)

" or when they object miserable niggardize and beggary unto those that are known to be prodigall spenders, and consume all. After which manner *Titus Petronius* reprov'd *Nero*" (*Plutarch. Moralia. De Adulatore et Amico. Philemon Holland's Translation, 1603.*)

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

WILLIAM BURNABY

“ In the ‘ Athenæ Oxoniensis ’ mention is made of a William Burnaby, son of William Burnaby, who was born in London, became a commoner of Merton College, Oxford, in the beginning of 1691, spent two years there, and went to the Middle-Temple. With another writer, unnamed, he is responsible for the first translation of the ‘ Satyricon ’ ” (*Dict. of National Biography.*)

The writer of the article, from which the above is taken, is inclined to identify William with Charles Burnaby, to whom four comedies are ascribed, viz. :— ‘ The Reform’d Wife ’ 1700; ‘ The Ladies’ Visiting Day ’ 1701; ‘ The Modish Husband ’ 1702; ‘ Love Betray’d; or, the Agreeable Disappointment ’ 1702.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

- c. 1482. *Scriptores Panegyrici Latini* including *Petronii arbitri satyrici fragmenta, quae extant.* (Milan)
1664. *Petronii Fragmentum Traguriense*, including the *Cena Trimalchionis.* (Padua)
1694. *The Satyr of Titus Petronius Arbiter. A Roman Knight.* With its Fragments recover'd at Belgrade. Made English by Mr. Burnaby of the Middle-Temple, and another hand.
1694.

ON READING PETRONIUS

AN OPEN LETTER TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN

My dear——,

On a bright afternoon in summer, when we stand on the high ground above Saint Andrew's, and look seaward for the Inchcape Rock, we can discern at first nothing at all, and then, if the day favours us, an occasional speck of whiteness, lasting no longer than the wave that is reflecting a ray of sunlight upwards against the indistinguishable tower. But if we were to climb the hill again after dinner, you would have something to report. So, in the broad daylights of humanity, such as that Victorian Age in which you narrowly escaped being (and I was) born, when the landscape is as clear as on Frith's Derby Day, the ruined tower of Petronius stands unremarked; it is only when the dark night of what is called civilisation has gathered that his clear beam can penetrate the sky. Such a night was the Imperial Age in Rome, when this book was written; such was the Renaissance Age in Italy, when the manuscript in which the greater part of what has survived is only to be found was copied; such, again, was the Age of Louis XIV in France, of the Restoration and the equally cynical Revolution in England, during which this manuscript, by the fortune of war, was discovered at Trau in Dalmatia, copied, edited, printed, in rapid succession, at Padua, Paris, Upsala, Leipzig and Amsterdam, and, lastly, "made

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English by Mr. Burnaby of the Middle Temple, and another Hand," all between the years 1650 and 1700; such an Age was emphatically not the Nineteenth Century, in which (so far as I know) the only appearance of Petronius in England was that rendered necessary—painfully necessary, let us hope, to its translator, Mr. Kelly,—by the fact that the Editors of the Bohn Library aimed at completeness: but, as emphatically, such is the Age in which you and I are now endeavouring to live.

O fortunate nimium, who were not bred on the Bohn, and feel no inclination, therefore, to come out in the flesh: were you so foolish as to ask me for a proof that this Age is not like the last, what more answer need I give than to point to the edition after edition of Petronius, text, notes, translation, illustrations, and even a collotype reproduction of the precious manuscript, that have been poured out upon us during the last twenty years. But you can read—and have read, I am sure, a whole multitude of stories in the newspapers, which are recovering admirably the old frankness in narration, and have discarded the pose of sermonising rectitude which led the journalists of a hundred years ago to call things (the names of which must have been constantly on their lips) “too infamous to be named”; and from these stories you must have become familiar with the existence in our country to-day of every one of the types whom you will discover afresh in Mr. Burnaby’s and the “other Hand’s” pages. It is customary to begin with Trimalchio, not that he is the chief, or even the most interesting figure in the book, but because his is the type most commonly mentioned in society. To name living examples of him would be actionable; besides, you are old enough, surely, to remember the Great War against Germany, and the host of Trimalchiones and Fortunatae whom it enknighthed and endamed. But to go back to our hill above Saint

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Andrew's, Wester Pitcorthie yonder was the birthplace of James, Lord Hay, of Lanley, Viscount Doncaster and Earl of Carlisle, the favourite of James VI and I, of whom the reverend historian tells us that "his first favour arose from a most strange and costly feast which he gave the king. With every fresh advance his magnificence increased, and the sumptuousness of his repasts seemed in the eyes of the world to prove him a man made for the highest fortunes and fit for any rank. As an example of his prodigality and extravagance, Osborne tells us that he cannot forget one of the attendants of the king, who, at a feast made by this monster in excess, 'eat to his single share a whole pye reckoned to my lord at £10, being composed of ambergris, magisterial of pearl, musk,' etc. But, perhaps, the most notable instance of his voluptuousness, is the fact that it was not enough for his ambition that his suppers should please the taste alone; the eye also must be gratified, and this was his device. The company was ushered in to a table covered with the most elegant art and the greatest profusion; all that the silversmith, the shewer, the confectioner, or the cook could produce. While the company was examining and admiring this delicate display, the viands of course grew cold, and unfit for such choice palates. The whole, therefore, called the *ante-supper*, was suddenly removed, and another supper quite hot, and forming the exact duplicate of the former, was served in its place."

So, in those days as in these, your Trimalchio was ennobled; though, to do King James justice, he had a string of coronets for his Giton also. The latter and his companions are still only emerging from a long period of oblivion in literature and obscurity in life. Like the pagan deities who have shrunk in peasant mythology to be elves and pooks and suchlike mannikins, these creatures, banished from the polite reading of the

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Victorians, reappeared instantly in that grotesque microcosm of life which the Victorians invented as an outlet for one of their tightest repressions, the School Story. I shall not press the analogy between Lycas and Steerforth, but merely remind you how, years before you ever heard the name (unless it is mentioned there) of Petronius Arbiter, you welcomed Giton's acquaintance in the pages of *Eric, or Little by Little*, where he is known as Wildney, and painted in the most attractive colours, and were rather bored whenever old Eumolpus walked into the School Library as Mr. Rose. Dear old Eumolpus, with his boring culture and shameless chuckle, no school is complete without him; indeed, I have heard that the principal scholastic agents keep a section in their lists of "Appointments Required" headed, for private reference, with his sole name. Ascyrtos is generally the Captain of the XV or XI, sometimes of both, and represents the unending war of muscle against mind; Encolpius is, of course, the hero of every school story ever written, though (to be fair) the authors of most of them have never guessed it. Agamemnon is the sort of form-master whom it is conventional to rag. He may have told you already that Petronius is worth reading for its admirable literary criticism (contained in pages 9 to 11 and 182 and 183 of this volume) and you may have listened, not knowing yet that literary criticism is rarely admirable, nor suspecting that those are the pages which most people leave unread. But you are fortunate in having being born in a generation which is not afraid to say frankly what it likes, and you will, I imagine, say frankly that you have read Petronius, and intend to read him again because he tells a rattling good story, and, unlike certain contemporary novelists whom you are counselled to admire, tells it about people whose characters and motives you have no difficulty in understanding.

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But all this time I have said nothing to you about Petronius "the man," as literary critics say, and this, as you may have suspected, is because I know as little about him as anyone else. You have not long since laid down your Tacitus: I need do no more than refer you to the Sixteenth Book of the Annals, where, in the 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th chapters, you will find what is almost the only historical proof of his existence.

A detailed account of him, which must be divinely inspired since there is no human material for it, has been made popular in the last half-century by the author—a foreign gentleman, whose name for the moment escapes me—of a novel entitled *Quo Vadis*. Fond as he must have been of oysters, there is no evidence that Petronius ever visited England, but it should be borne in mind that the law for which he is generally regarded as showing insufficient respect was not enacted here until more than eighteen hundred years after his death. Moreover, suicide, the one offence with which he is definitely charged, was not in his or his contemporaries' eyes the horrid felony which, I hope, it will always be in yours. That his work—of which this volume forms but a fragmentary part—had made its way into this country, with unusual rapidity, in little more than ten centuries from its publication, is shown by its being frequently quoted by the English churchman John of Salisbury, the pupil of Abelard and friend and biographer of Becket (the Saint, not the boxer), who died (as Bishop of Chartres) in the year 1180. We may suppose that John took a copy of the *Satyricon* home with him from Paris, as undergraduates do to-day from Oxford and Cambridge. Two and a half centuries later, in 1423 (I owe this display of erudition to Mr. Gaselee's collotype reproduction of the Trau manuscript) Poggio writes to Niccolò Niccoli that he has received from Cologne a copy recently ordered by him,

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of the fifteenth book of Petronius, and asks his friend to return the extract from Petronius "which I sent you from Britain." This last, Mr. Gaselee spiritedly assumes, was the part known as *Cena Trimalchionis* (pages 46 to 116 in this volume) from which John of Salisbury makes three separate quotations, but which is not otherwise on record before the discovery of what may have been Poggio's own manuscript (for it also is dated 1423) at Trau in Dalmatia, in the middle of the seventeenth century.

This manuscript is described as "Fragments from the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Books of the Satire of Petronius Arbiter"; we may assume, therefore, that the whole Satire was immensely long, a life-work, like Marcel Proust's *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*, and like that work, perhaps, fatal to its author. Indeed, since Proust's death last year the two have frequently been compared, and on more than the mere alliterative ground that is in their names. Of Petronius we are told "illi dies per somnum, nox officiis et oblectamentis vitae transigebatur; utque alios industria, ita hunc ignavia ad famam protulerat, habebaturque non ganeo et profligator, ut plerique sua haurientium, sed erudito luxu. Ac dicta factaque eius quanto solutiora et quandam sui negligentiam praeferentia, tanto gratius in speciem simplicitatis accipiebantur." So far, this describes Proust also, and the similarity extends to their work. In connexion with Proust's, one of our youngest critics, your contemporary rather than mine, raises the question: "how this titanic fragment can be trundled from age to age," and answers himself with: "*A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is not one of those things which are replaced, like the novel of the moment, but exactly what part of it is most likely to be saved the present cannot decide." The better answer is, surely, that, of Proust as of his fore-runner Petronius, people will keep

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the things they like best. There are many pages now in Proust that are boring—but even now a selected edition for schools and colleges is (I am told) in the press: there is nothing in the surviving *Satyricon* that need bring a yawn to the lips of adolescence.

If, as I may suppose, you have planned to translate some at least of the Greek and Latin classics, you can choose no more handy model than Mr. Burnaby. He is later, it is true, than the richest and best examples, but so much the nearer to you in speech. He is not always scholarly—you can safely leave scholarship to others—but he uses an excellent colloquial English with a common sense in interpretation which carries him over the many gaps in the story without any palpable difference in texture. How fragmentary the latter part of the *Satyricon* is you will see if you turn to the edition published last year in the Loeb Classical Library. The reading of fragments has a fascination for the curious mind: you also, I think, must have devoured those casual sheets of forgotten masterpieces in which booksellers envelop their parcels, and have dignified the whole with an importance which it can never when in circulation have enjoyed. Balzac, you remember, plays on this weakness, which he must have shared, in *La Muse du Département*, where the great Lousteau exasperates a provincial audience, assembled to hear him talk, by reading to them the inconsequent pages of *Olympia, ou les Vengeances romaines*; it is rich comedy, but the fragment carries us away, and at the beginning of page 209: “robe frôla dans le silence. Tout à coup le cardinal Borborigano parut aux yeux de la duchesse —” we exclaim, don't we, with Bianchon: “Le cardinal Borborigano! Par les clefs du pape, si vous ne m'accordez pas qu'il se trouve une magnifique création seulement dans le nom, si vous ne voyez pas à ces mots: *robe frôla dans le silence!* toute la poésie du rôle de

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Schedoni inventé par madame Radcliffe dans *le Confessionnal des Pénitents noirs*, vous êtes indigne de lire des romans . . .” And these are fragments that have been deliberately chosen for preservation.

Since it is still safe to assume things, I will go on to suggest to you that the *Satyricon* was planned, on the Homeric model, in twenty-four books, and will leave you to—in the striking words used recently by *The Times* of the Japanese earthquake—“gropé for analogies” between the text which follows and the fifteenth and sixteenth books of the *Odyssey*, which you have, doubtless, by heart. But, if I know you at all, you are more likely to be groping for analogies between the characters in Petronius and those you will come across in the first months of your new London life. Quartilla you will hardly escape, or Tryphoena either; Fortunata will pester you with her invitations, and, if you visit the National Gallery (though I hear they intend, now, to close it) or the Turkish Baths, you must beware of Eumolpus: while if the others cross your path by night you will do well to bear in mind the warning given to an earlier poet by a greater Roman even than Petronius:

Questi non hanno speranza di morte,
E la lor cieca vita è tanto bassa,
Che invidiosi son d'ogni altra sorte.
Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa,
Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna:
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa.

On which high note I shall leave you to enjoy the *Satyricon*, and shall hope to hear from you, presently, what your opinion of it is.

C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

THE
S A T Y R

OF

Titus Petronius Arbiter

A Roman Knight

With its Fragments, recover'd at

BELGRADE

*Made English by Mr. BURNABY of
the Middle-Temple, and another Hand.*

*Nihil hominum inepta persuasiane falsius
nec ficta severitate ineptius. Petro.*

LONDON

Printed for *Samuel Briscoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-Street*,
in *Russel-Street*, *Covent Garden*. 1694.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY
EARL OF RUMNEY

*Master-General of Their Majesties Ordnance, and of
Their Majesties most Honourable Privy-Council,
Constable of Dover-Castle, and Lord Warden of the
Cinque-Ports.*

My Lord,

Good Men think the meanest Friend no more to be
dispis'd, than the Politick the meanest enemy ; and
the Generous would be as inquisitive to discover an
unknown Esteem for 'em, as the Cautious an unknown
Hatred : This I say to plead myself into the number
of those you know for your admirers ; and that the
World may know it, give me leave to present you with
a Translation of *Petronius*, and to absolve all my
Offences against him, by introducing him into so
agreeable Company. You're happy, my Lord, in the
most Elegant part of his Character, in the Gallantry
and Wit of a Polite Gentleman, mixt with the Observa-
tion and Conduct of a Man of Publik Employments ;
And since all share the benefit of you, 'tis the Duty
of all to confess their sence of it, I had almost said, to
return, as they cou'd, the Favour, and like a true

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Author, made that my Gratitude which may prove your Trouble : But what flatters me most out of the apprehensions of your Dislike, is the Gentleman-like Pleasantry of the Work, where you meet with variety of Ridicule on the Subject of *Nero's* Court, an agreeable Air of Humour in a Ramble through Schools, Bagnio's, Temples, and Markets ; Wit and Gallantry in Amours, with Moral Reflections on almost every Accident of Humane Life. In short, my Lord, I shall be very proud to Please a *Sidney*, an House Fertile, of extraordinary Genio's, whose every Member deserves his own Sir *Philip* to Celebrate him ; whose Characters are Romances to the rest of Mankind, but real Life in his own Family.

I am, my LORD,

Your Lordships most devoted

Humble Servant,

W. BURNABY.

THE PREFACE

The *Moors* ('tis said) us'd to cast their new-born Children into the Sea, and only if they Swam would think 'em worth their Care; but mine, with more neglect, I turn into the World; for sink or swim, I have done all I design'd for't. I have already, with as much satisfaction as *Aeneas* in a Cloud heard *Dido* praise him, heard the *Beaux-Criticks* condemn this Translation before they saw it, and with as much Judgment as if they had: And after they had Prophetically discover'd all the Flaws in the turns of Thought, the Cadence of Periods, and had almost brought in *Epick* and *Drama*, they supt their Coffee, took Snuff, and charitably concluded to send *Briscoe* the Pye-Woman to help off with his Books. Well, I have nothing to say, but that these brisk Gentlemen that draw without occasion, must put up without satisfaction.

After the Injury of 1700 Years, or better, and the several Editions in *Quarto*, *Octavo*, *Duodecimo*, etc., with their respective Notes to little purpose; for these Annotators upon matters of no difficulty, are so tedious, that you can't get rid of their enlargements without sleeping, but at any real knot are too Modest

to interrupt any Man's Curiosity in the untying of it. After so many years, I say, it happened upon the taking of *Belgrade* this Author was *made* Entire; made so because the New is suspected to be Illegitimate: But it has so many Features of the lawful Father, that he was at least thought of when 'twas got. Now the Story's made out, the Character of *Lycas* alter'd, and *Petronius* freed from the imputation of not making Divine or Humane Justice pursue an ill-spent Life.

As to the Translation, the other Hand, I believe, has been very careful; but if my part don't satisfy the World, I should be glad to see my self reveng'd in a better Version; and though it may prove no difficult Province to improve what I have done, I shall yet have the credit of the first Attempt.

If any of the Fine Gentlemen should be angry after they have read it, as some, to save that trouble, have before; and protest I've yet debauch't *Petronius*, and robb'd him of his Language, his only Purity, I hope we shall shortly be reconciled, for I have some very pretty new Songs ready for the Press: If this satisfies them, I'll venture to tell others that I have drest the meaning of the Original as modestly as I could, but to have quite hid the obscaenity, I thought, were to Invent, not Translate.

As for the Ladies, if any too-discerning antiquated Hypocrite (for only such I fear) shou'd be angry with the beastly Author; let the Work be my Advocate,

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where the little liberties I take, as modestly betray a broad Meaning, as blushing when a Man tells the Story.

Those who object, that things of this nature ought not to be Translated, must arraign the Versions of *Juvenal Suetonius*, etc., but what *Suetonius* thought excusable in *History*, any sober Man will think much more allowable in *Satyr*: Nor can this be offensive to Good-manners, since the gross part here is the displaying of Vices of that Dye, that there's an abhorrence even in Nature from 'em; nor is it possible that any ill Man can talk a good one into a new Frame or Composition; nay, perhaps it may be applicable to a good use, to see our own happiness, that we know that to be opposite to Humanity it self, which some of the Ancients were deluded even to practise as Wit and Gallantry; thus I'm so far from being toucht in expressing those Crimes, that I think it makes the more for me, the more they're detested.

If I have alter'd or added to the Author, it was either to render those Customs of the *Romans* that were analogous to ours, by what was more familiar to us, or to prevent a Note by enlarging on others where I found 'em.

The Verse of both Parts are mine, and I have taken a great liberty in 'em; and tho' I believe there I have not wrong'd the Original, yet all will not amount to call them *Good*.

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The Money at first I made *English* Coin, but not the exact worth, because it would have been odd in some places to have brought in pence and farthings; as when the thousand Sesterces are offered for *Gito*, it would not be consistent with the haste they were in to offer so many Pounds, so many Shillings, and so many Pence: I therefore proportioned a summ to the Story without casting up the Sesterces; thus they went to the Press: But advis'd either to give the just value or the *Roman* Coin, I resolv'd on the latter for the reasons I have given, and alter'd the summs as the Proofs came to my hands; but trusting the care of one sheet to a Friend, the summ of 2000 Crowns past unalter'd.

W. B.



THE SATYR OF
TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER

With its Fragments, recover'd at Buda, 1688.

PART ONE

“ I Promis'd you an Account of what befel me, and am now resolv'd to be as good as my Word, being so met to our Desires; not only to improve our Learning, but to be Merry, and put Life in our Discourse with pleasanter Tales.

“ Fabricius Vejento has already, and that wittily, handled the Juggle of Religion, and withal discover'd with what impudence and ignorance Priests pretend to be inspir'd: But are not our wrangling Pleaders possest with the same Frenzy? who cant it? These Wounds I receiv'd in defence of your Liberty; this Eye was

lost in your service; lend me a Hand to hand me to my Children, for my faltering Hams are not able to support me.

“ Yet even this might pass for tolerable, did it put young beginners in the least way to well-speaking. Whereas now, what with the inordinate swelling of Matter, and the empty ratling of Words, they only gain this, That when they come to appear in Publick, they think themselves in another World. And therefore I look upon the young fry of Collegiates as likely to make the most hopeful Blockheads, because they neither hear nor see any thing that is in use among Men: But a company of Pirates with their Chains on the Shoar; Tyrants issuing Proclamations to make children kill their Fathers; the answers of Oracles in a Plague-time, that three or more Virgins be sacrific'd to appease the Gods; dainty fine Honey-Pellets of Words, and everything so said and done, as if it were all Spice and Garnish.

“ Those that are thus bred can no more understand, than those that live in a Kitchin not stink of the Grease: Give me, with your favour, leave to say, 'twas you first lost the good grace of speaking; for with light idle gingles of Words to make sport ye have brought it to this, That the substance of oratory is become effeminate and sunk.

“ Young Men were not kept to this way of declaiming when Sophocles and Euripides influenc'd

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the Age. Nor yet had any blind Alley-Professor foil'd their Inclinations, when Pindar and the Nine Lyricks durst not attempt Homer's Numbers: And that I may not bring my Authority from Poets, 'tis certain, neither Plato nor Demosthenes ever made it their Practice: A Stile one would value, and as I may call it, a chaste Oration, is not splashy nor swoll'n, but rises with a natural Beauty.

“This windy and irregular way of babbling came lately out of Asia into Athens; and having, like some ill Planet, blasted the aspiring Genius of their Youth, at once corrupted and put a period to all true Eloquence.

“After this, Who came up to the height of Thucydides? Who reach'd the Fame of Hyperedes? Nay, there was hardly a Verse of a right strain: But all, as of the same batch, di'd with their Author. Painting also made no better an end, after the boldness of the Egyptians ventur'd to bring so great an Art into a narrower compass.”

At this and the like rate my self once declaim'd, when one Agamemnon made up to us, and looking sharply on him, whom the Mob with such diligence observ'd, he would not suffer me to declaim longer in the Portico, than he had sweated in the School; “But, young Man,” said he, “because your Discourse is beyond the Common apprehension, and, which is not often seen, that you are a lover of Understanding, I won't deceive you: The Masters of these Schools

are not to blame, who think it necessary to be mad with mad Men: For unless they teach what their Scholars approve, they might, as Cicero says, keep School to themselves: like flattering smell-Feasts, who when they come to great Mens Tables study nothing more than what they think may be most agreeable to the Company (as well knowing they shall never obtain what they would, unless they first spread a Net for their bars) so a Master of Eloquence, unless fisherman like, he bait his Hook with what he knows the Fish will bite at, may wait long enough on the Rock without hopes of catching any thing.

“Where lies the Fault then? Parents ought to be sharply reprehended, who will not have their Children come on by any strict Method; but in this, as in all things, are so fond of making a Noise in the World; and in such haste to compass their Wishes, that they hurry them in publick e’er they have digested what they have read, and put Children e’er they are well past their Sucking-Bottle, upon the good grace of speaking, than which even themselves confess, nothing is greater: Whereas if they would suffer them to come up by degrees, that their Studies might be temper’d with grave Lectures; their Affections fashion’d by the Dictates of Wisdom; that they might work themselves into a Mastery of Words; and for a long time hear, what they’re inclined to imitate, nothing that pleas’d Children, wou’d be admir’d by them. But now Boys

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trifle in the Schools, young Men are laugh'd at in publick, and, which is worse than both, what every one foolishly takes up in his Youth, no one will confess in his Age. But that I may not be thought to condemn Lucilius, as written in haste, I also will give you my Thoughts in Verse.

“ Who ere wou'd with ambitious just desire,
To Mastery in so fine an Art aspire,
Must all Extreams first diligently shun,
And in a settled course of Vertue run.
Let him not Fortune with stiff Greatness climb,
Nor, Courtier-like, with Cringes undermine;
Nor all the Brother Blockheads of the Pot,
Ever persuade him to become a Sot ;
Nor flatter Poets to acquire the Fame
Of, I protest, a pretty Gentleman.
But whether in the War he wou'd be great,
Or, in the gentler Arts that rule a State;
Or, else his amorous Breast he wou'd improve
Well, to receive the youthful Cares of Love.
In his first years to Poetry inclin'd,
Let Homer's Spring bedew his fruitful Mind;
His manlier years to manlier Studies brought,
Philosophy must next imply his Thought.
Then let his boundless Soul new Glories fire,
And to the great Demosthenes aspire.
When round in throngs the list'ning People come,
T'admire what sprung in Greece so slow at home.
Rais'd to this height, your leisure hours engage
In something just and worthy of the Stage;
Your choice of Words from Cicero derive;
And in your Poems you design shou'd live,
The Joys of Feasts, and Terrors of a War,

More pleasing those, and these more frightful are,
When told by you, than in their acting were:
And thus, enrich'd with such a golden store,
You're truly fit to be an Orator."

While I was wholly taken up with Agamemnon, I did not observe how Ascylos had given me the slip, and as I continu'd my diligence, a great crowd of Scholars fill'd the Portico, to hear, (as it appear'd afterwards) an extemporary Declamation, of I know not whom, that was discanting on what Agamemnon had said; while therefore they ridicul'd his Advice, and condemn'd the order of the whole, I took an opportunity of getting from them, and ran in quest of Ascylos: But the hurry I was in, with my ignorance where our Inn lay, so distracted me, that what way soever I went, I return'd by the same, till tir'd in the pursuit, and all in a sweat, I met an old Herb-Woman: And, "I beseech ye Mother," quoth I, "do you know whereabouts I dwell?" Pleas'd with the simplicity of such a home-bred jest, "Why should I not?" answer'd she; and getting on her Feet went on before me: I thought her no less than a Witch: But, having led me into a bye Lane, she threw off her Pyebal'd Patch't-Mantle, and "here," quoth she, "you can't want a Lodging."

While I was denying I knew the House, I observ'd a company of Beaux reading the Bills o'er the Cells, on which was inscrib'd the Name of the Whore and

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her Price; and others of the same Function naked, scuttling it here and there, as if they would not, yet would be seen: When too late I found my self in a Bawdy-House, cursing the Jade that had trapan'd me thither, I cover'd my Head and was just making off through the midst of them, when in the very Entry Ascytos met me, but as tir'd as my self, and in a manner dead; you'd have sworn the same old Woman brought him. I could not forbear laughing, but having saluted each other, I ask'd what business he had in so scandalous a place? he wip'd his Face, and "if you knew," said he, "what has happen'd to me ——" "As what?" quoth I.

He faintly reply'd; "When I had rov'd the whole City without finding where I had left the Inn, the Master of this House came up to me, and kindly profer'd to be my Guide; so through many a cross Lane and blind turning, having brought me to this House, he drew his Weapon and prest for a closer ingagement. In this Affliction the Whore of the Cell also demanded Garnish-Money; and he laid such Hands on me, that had I not been too strong for him, I had gone by the worst of it."

While Ascytos was telling his Tale, in come the same Fellow, with a Woman, none of the least agreeable, and looking upon Ascytos, entreated him to walk in and fear nothing, for if he would not be Passive he might be Active: the Woman on

the other hand press'd me to go in with her. We follow'd therefore, and being led among those Bills, we saw many of both sexes at work in the Cells, so much every of them seem'd to have taken a Provocative.

Nor were we sooner discover'd than they wou'd have been at us with the like Impudence, and in a trice one of them, his Coat tuck'd under his Girdle, laid hold on Ascyltos, and threw him athwart a Couch: I presently ran to help the undermost, and putting our strengths together, we made nothing of the troublesome Fool. Ascyltos went off, and flying, left me expos'd to the Fury; but, thanks to my strength, I got off without hurt.

I had almost traverst the City round, when through the dusk I saw Gito on the Beggars-Bench of our Inn; I made up to him, and going in, ask'd him, what Ascyltos had got us for Dinner? the Boy sitting down on the Bed, began to wipe the Tears that stood in his Eyes; I was much concern'd at it, and ask'd him the occasion; he was slow in his answer, and seem'd unwilling; but mixing Threats with my Intreaties; "'Twas that Brother or Comrogue of yours," said he, "that coming ere while into our Lodging, wou'd have been at me, and put hard for it. When I cry'd out, he drew his Sword, and 'if thou art a Lucrece,' said he, 'thou hast met a Tarquin.'"

I heard him, and shaking my Fist at Ascyltos;

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“What saist thou,” said I, “thou Catamite, whose very Breath is tainted?”

He dissembled at first a great trembling, but presently throwing my Arms aside, in a higher Voice cry'd out: “Must you be prating, thou ribaldrous Cut-throat whom, condemn'd for murdring thine Host, nothing but the fall of the Stage could have sav'd? You make a noise, thou Night-Pad, who when at thy best hadst never to do with any Woman but a Bawd? On what account, think ye, was I the same to you in the Aviary, that the Boy here, now is?”

“And who but you,” interrupted I, “gave me that slip in the Portico?” “Why what, my Man of Gotham,” continu'd he, “must I have done, when I was dying for hunger? Hear Sentence forsooth, that is, the ratling of broken Glasses, and the expounding of Dreams? So help me Hercules, as thou art the greater Rogue of the two, who to get a meals Meat wert not asham'd to commend an insipid Rhimer.” When at last, having turn'd the humour from Scolding to Laughing, we began to talk soberly.

But the late Injury still sticking in my Stomach, “Ascyltos,” said I, “I find we shall never agree together, therefore let's divide the common Stock, and each of us set up for himself: Thou'rt a piece of a Scholar, and I'll be no hindrance to thee, but think of some other way; for otherwise we shall run into a thousand mischiefs, and become Town-talk.”

Ascylos was not against it; and "Since we have promis'd," said he, "as Scholars, to sup together, let's husband the Night too; and to-morrow I'll get me a new Lodging, and some Comrade or other."

"'Tis irksome," said I, "to defer what we like," (the itch of the Flesh occasion'd this hasty parting, tho' I had been a long time willing to shake off so troublesome an observer of my Actions, that I might renew my old Intrigue with my Gito).

Ascylos taking it as an Affront, without answering, went off in a heat: I was too well acquainted with his subtle Nature, and the violence of his Love, not to fear the effects of so suddain a breach, and therefore made after him, both to observe his Designs and prevent them; but losing sight of him, was a long time in pursuit to no purpose.

When I had search'd the whole Town, I return'd to my Lodging, where, the Ceremony of Kisses ended, I got my Boy to a closer hug, and, enjoying my wishes, thought myself happy even to Envy: Nor had I done when Ascylos stole to the Door, and springing the Bolt, found us at leap-Frog; upon which, clapping his Hands, he fell a laughing, and turning me out of the Saddle; "What," said he, "most reverend Gentleman, what were you doing, my Brother Sterling?" Not content with Words only, but untying the Thong that bound his Wallet, he gave me a warning, and

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with other reproaches, "As you like this, so be for parting again."

The unexpectedness of the thing made me take no notice of it, but politickly turn it off with a laugh; for otherwise I must have been at Loggarheads with my Rival: Whereas sweetening him with a counterfeit Mirth, I brought him also to laugh for company: "And you, Encolpius," began he, "are so wrapt in Pleasures, you little consider how short our Money grows, and what we have left will turn to no account: There's nothing to be got in Town this Summer-time, we shall have better luck in the Country; let's visit our Friends."

Necessity made me approve his Advice, as well as conceal the smart of his Lash; so loading Gito with our Baggage, we left the City, and went to the House of one Lycurgus, a Roman Knight; who, because Ascylos had formerly been his Pathick, entertain'd us handsomly; and the Company, we met there, made our Diversions the pleasanter: For, first there was Tryphœna, a very beautiful Woman, that had come with one Lycas, the owner of a ship, and of a small seat, that lay next the Sea.

The Delight we receiv'd in this place was more than can be exprest, tho' Lycurgus's Table was thrifty enough: The first thing was every one to chuse his Play-Mate: The fair Tryphœna pleas'd me, and readily inclin'd to me; but I had scarce given her the

Courtesie of the House, when Lycas storming to have his old Amour slockt from him, accus'd me at first of under-dealing; but soon from a Rival addressing himself as a Lover, he pleasantly told me, I must repair his Damages, and plyed me hotly: But Tryphœna having my Heart, I could not lend him an Ear. The refusal set him the sharper; he follow'd me where-ever I went, and getting into my Chamber at night, when Entreaty did no good, he fell to downright Violence; but I rais'd such an out-cry that I wak'd the whole House, and, by the help of Lycurgus, got rid of him for that bout.

At length perceiving Lycurgus's House was not for his purpose, he would have persuaded me to his own; but I rejecting the proffer, he made use of Tryphœna's Authority; and she the rather persuaded me to yield to him, because she was in hopes of living more at liberty there. I follow'd therefore whither my Love led me; but Lycurgus having renew'd his old Concern with Ascyntos, wou'd not suffer him to depart: At last we agreed, that he shou'd stay with Lycurgus, and we go with Lycas: Over and beside which, it was concluded, that every of us, as opportunity offer'd, should pilfer what he could for the common Stock.

Lycas was overjoy'd at my Consent, and so hasten'd our departure, that, taking leave of our Friends, we arriv'd at his House the same Day. But in our Passage he so order'd the matter that he sate next me, and

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Tryphœna next Gito, which he purposely contriv'd to show the notorious Lightness of that Woman; nor was he mistaken in her, for she presently grew hot upon the Boy: I was quickly jealous, and Lycas so exactly remark'd it to me, that he soon confirm'd my suspicion of her. On this I began to be easier to him, which made him all Joy, as being assur'd the Unworthiness of my new Mistress wou'd beget my Contempt of her, and resenting her slight, I shou'd receive him with the better will.

So stood the matter while we were at Lycas's: Tryphœna was desperately in love with Gito; Gito again as wholly devoted to her; I car'd least for the sight of either of them; and Lycas studying to please me, found me every day some new Diversion: In all which also his Wife Doris, a fine Woman, strove to exceed him, and that so gayly, that she presently thrust Tryphœna from my Heart: I gave her the Wink, and she return'd her Consent by as wanton a Twinkle; so that this dumb Rhetorick going before the Tongue, secretly convey'd each others Mind.

I knew Lycas was jealous, which kept me Tongue-ty'd so long, and the love he bore his Wife made him discover to her, his inclination to me: But the first opportunity we had of talking together, she related to me what she had learn'd from him; and I frankly confess'd it, but withal told her how absolutely averse I had ever been to't: "Well then," quoth the discreet

Woman, "we must try our Wits, according to his own opinion, the permission was one's, and the possession another's."

By this time Gito had been worn off his Legs, and was gathering new strength, when Tryphœna came back to me, but disappointed of her expectations, her Love turn'd to a downright Fury; and, all on fire with following me to no purpose, got into my Intrigue both with Lycas and his Wife: She made no account of his gamesomeness with me, as well knowing it wou'd hinder no Grist to her Mill: But for Doris, she never left till she had found out our private Amours, and gave a hint of it to Lycas; whose Jealousie having got the upper hand of his Love, ran all to revenge; but Doris, advertis'd by Tryphœna's Woman, to divert the Storm, forbore any such meetings.

As soon as I perceiv'd it, having curs'd the Treachery of Tryphœna, and the Ingratitude of Lycas, I began to make off, and Fortune favour'd me: For a Ship consecrated to the Goddess Isis, laden with rich spoils, had the day before run upon the Rocks.

Gito and I laid our Heads together, and he was as willing as my self to be gone; for Tryphœna having drawn him dry, began now not to be so fond of him. Early the next morning therefore we march'd to Sea-ward, where with the less difficulty we got on board the Ship, because we were no strangers to

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Lycas's servants then in wait upon her: They still honouring us with their company, it was not a time to filch any thing; but, leaving Gito with them, I took an opportunity of getting into the Stern, where the Image of Isis stood, and strip'd her of a rich Mantle, and Silver Taber, lifting other good Booty out of the Master's Cabin, I stole down by a Rope, unseen by any but Gito; who also gave them the slip and sculk'd after me.

As soon as I saw him I shew'd him the Purchase, and both of us resolv'd to make what haste we could to Ascyrtos, but Lycurgus's House was not to be reach'd the same day: When we came to Ascyrtos we shew'd him the Prize, and told him in short the manner of getting it, and how we were made a meer may-game of Love: He advis'd us to prepossess Lycurgus with our Case, and make him our Friend ere the others could see him; and withal boldly assert it, That the trick Lycas would have served them, was the only cause why they stole away so hastily; which when Lycurgus came to understand, he swore he would at all times protect us against our Enemies.

Our flight was unknown till Tryphœna and Doris were got out of bed; for we daily attended their levy, and waited on them while they were dressing; but, when contrary to custom they found us missing, Lycas sent after us, and especially to the Sea-side, for he had heard we made that way, but not a word of the Pillage,

for the Ship lay somewhat to Sea-ward, and the Master had not yet return'd on board.

But at last it being taken for granted we had run away, and Lycas becoming uneasie for want of us, fell desperately foul on his Wife, whom he suppos'd to be the cause of our departure: I'll take no notice of what Words and Blows past between them; I know not every particular: I'll only say, Tryphœna, the Mother of Mischief, had put Lycas in the head, that it might so be, we had taken sanctuary at Lycurgus's, where she persuaded him to go in quest of the Runnagates, and promis'd to bear him company, that she might confound our Impudence with just Reproaches.

The next day they accordingly set forward, and came to his House; but we were out of the way: For Lycurgus was gone to a Festival in honour of Hercules, held at a neighbouring Village, and had taken us with him, of which when the others were inform'd, they made what haste they could to us, and met us in the Portico of the Temple. The sight of them very much disordered us: Lycas eagerly complained of our flight to Lycurgus, but was received with such a bended Brow, and so haughty a Look, that I grew valiant upon't, and with an open Throat charg'd him with his beastly attempts upon me, as well at Lycurgus's as in his own House; and Tryphœna endeavouring to stop my Mouth, had her share with him, for I set out her Harlotry to the Mob, who were

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got about us to hear the scolding: And as a proof of what I said, I shew'd them poor sapless Gito, and my self also, whom that itch of the Whore had even brought to our Graves.

The shout of the Mob put our Enemies so out of Countenance that they went off heavily, but contriving a revenge; and therefore observing how we had put upon Lycurgus, they went back to expect him at his House, and set him right again. The Solemnity ending later than was expected, we could not reach Lycurgus's that Night, and therefore he brought us to a half-way House, but left us asleep next Morning, and went home to despatch some business, where he found Lycas and Tryphœna waiting for him, who so ordered the matter with him, that they brought him to secure us. Lycurgus naturally barbarous and faithless, began to contrive which way to betray us, and sent Lycas to get some help, whilst he secured us in the Village.

Thither he came, and at his first entry, treated us as Lycas had done: After which wringing his Hands together, he upbraided us with the Lye we had made of Lycas, and taking Ascylos from us, lock'd us up in the Room where we were, without so much as hearing him speak in our defence; but carrying him to his House, set a Guard upon us, till himself should return.

On the Road Ascylos did what he could to mollifie Lycurgus; but neither Entreaties, nor Love,

nor Tears doing any good on him, it came into our Comerades head to set us at liberty, and being all on fire at Lycurgus's restiness, refus'd to bed with him that Night, and by that means the more easily put in execution what he had been thinking on.

The Family was in their dead sleep when Ascyltos took our Fardels on his Shoulders, and getting through a breach in the Wall, which he had formerly taken notice of, came to the Village by break of Day, and meeting no one to stop him, boldly enter'd it and came up to our Chamber; which the Guard that was upon us, took care to secure; but the Bar being of Wood, he easily wrenched it with an Iron Crow, and waken'd us; for we snor'd in spite of Fortune.

Our Guard had so over-watched themselves, that they were fall'n into a dead sleep, and we only wak'd at the Crack. To be short, Ascyltos came in and briefly told us what he had done for our sakes: On this we got up; and as we were rigging our selves, it came into my Head to kill the Guard, and rifle the Village; I told Ascyltos my Mind. He liked the rifling well enough, but gave us a wish'd delivery without Blood, for being acquainted with every corner of the House, he pick'd the Lock of an Inner-Room where the Movables lay, and bringing us into it, we lifted what was of most value, and got off while it was yet early in the Morning; avoiding the common Road, and not resting till we thought our selves out of danger.

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Then Ascyrtos having got heart again, began to amplify the Delight he took in having pillag'd Lycurgus; of whose miserableness he, not without cause, complain'd; for he neither paid him for his Nights service, nor kept a Table that had either Meat, or Drink on't, being such a sordid pinchpeny; that, notwithstanding his infinite Wealth, he deny'd himself the common Necessaries of Life.

Unhappy Tantalus, amidst the Flood,
Where floating Apple on the surface roll'd,
Ever pursu'd them with a longing Eye,
Yet could not Thurst nor Hunger satisfie.
Such is the Miser's fate; who midst his store,
Fearing to use, is miserably poor.

Ascyrtos would have been for Naples the same day; had I not told him how imprudent it was to take up there, where, forasmuch as could be conjectur'd, we were most likely to be sought after: "And therefore," said I, "let's keep out of the way for the present, and, since we have enough to keep us from want, stroul it about till the Heat be over." The Advice was approv'd, and we set forward for a pleasant Country-Town, where we were sure to meet some of our Acquaintance that were taking the benefit of the Season: But we were scarce got half way, when a shower of Rain emptying it self upon us like Buckets, forc'd us into the next Village; where entring the Inn, we saw a great many others that had also struck in,

to avoid the Storm. The throng kept us from being taken notice of, and gave us the opportunity of prying here and there, what we might filch in a Crowd, when Ascyltos, unheeded of any one, took a Purse from the Ground, in which he found several pieces of Gold; we leap'd for Joy at so fortunate a beginning; but fearing, lest some or other might seek after it, we slunk out at a Back-door, where we saw a Groom Saddling his Horses; but, as having forgotten somewhat, he run into the House, leaving behind him an Embroider'd Mantle, mail'd to one of the Saddles: In his absence I cut the straps, and under the covert of some out-sheds, we made off with it to a neighbouring Forest. Being more out of danger among the Thickets, we cast about where we should hide the Gold, that we might not be either charg'd with the Felony, or robb'd of it our selves: At last we concluded to sow it in the Lining of an old patcht Coat which I threw over my Shoulders, and entrusted the care of the Mantle to Ascyltos, in design to get to the City by Cross-ways: But as we were going out, we heard somewhat on our left hand, to this purpose: "They shall not escape us; they came into the Wood; let's separate ourselves and beat about, that we may the better discover and take them." This put us into such a fright, that Ascyltos and Gito fled through Briars and Brambles to the City-ward; but I turn'd back again in such a hurry, that without perceiving it,

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the precious Coat drop'd from my Shoulders: At last being quite tir'd, and not able to go any further, I laid me down under the shelter of a Tree, where I first miss'd the Coat: Then grief restor'd my strength, and up I got again to try if I could recover the Treasure; I ran hither and thither, and every where, but to no purpose; but spent and wasted between toil and heaviness, I got into a Thicket, where having tarried four hours, and half dead with the horror of the place, I sought the way out; but going forward, a Country-man came in sight of me: Then I had need of all my Confidence, nor did it fail me: I went up roundly to him, and making my moan how I had lost my self in the Wood, desir'd him tell me the way to the City: He pitying my Figure (for I was as pale as Death, and all bemir'd) ask'd me if I had seen any one in the Wood? I answer'd, not a Soul—on which he courteously brought me into the Highway, where he met two of his Friends, who told him, they had travers'd the Wood thro' and thro' but had light upon nothing but a Coat, which they shew'd him.

It may easily be believed I had not the courage to challenge it, tho' I knew well enough what the value of it was: This struck me more than all the rest; however, bewailing my Treasure, the Country-man not heeding me, and feebleness growing upon me, I slacken'd my pace, and jogg'd on slower than ordinarily.

It was longer e're I reach'd the City than I thought

of; but coming to the Inn, I found Ascylos half dead, and stretcht on a Straw Pallet, and fell on another my self, not able to utter a word: He missing the Coat was in a great disorder, and hastily demanded of me, what was become of it: I on the other hand, scarce able to draw my breath, resolv'd him by my languishing Eyes, what my Tongue would not give me leave to speak: At length recovering by little and little, I plainly told him the ill luck I had met with: But he thought I jested, and tho' the tears in my Eyes might have been as full Evidence to him as an Oath, he yet questioned the truth of what I said, and would not believe but I had a mind to cheat him. During this, Gito stood as troubled as my self, and the Boy's sadness increased mine: But the fresh Suit that was after us, distracted me most. I opened the whole to Ascylos, who seem'd little concern'd at it, as having luckily got off for the present, and withal assur'd himself, that we were past danger, in that we were neither known, nor seen by any one: However, it was thought fit to pretend a Sickness, that we might have the better pretext to keep where we were: But our Monies falling shorter than we thought of, and Necessity enforcing us, we found it high time to sell some of our Pillage.

It was almost dark, when going into the Brokers Market, we saw abundance of things to be bought and sold: of no extraordinary value, 'tis true; yet such

whose Night-walking Trade, the dusk of the Evening might easily Conceal. We also had the Mantle with us, and taking the opportunity of a blind Corner, fell a shaking the skirt of it, to try if so glittering a Shew would bring us a Purchaser; nor had we been long there, e're a certain Country-man, whom I thought I had seen before, came up to us with a Hussye that follow'd him, and began to consider the Mantle more narrowly, as on the other side did Ascyltos our Country Chapman's Shoulders, which presently startled him, and struck him Dumb, nor could my self behold 'em without being concern'd at it, for he seemed to me to be the same Fellow that had found the Coat in the Wood, as in truth he was: But Ascyltos doubting whether he might trust his Eyes or not, and that he might not do any thing rashly, first came nearer to him as a Buyer, and taking the Coat from his Shoulders, began to cheapen, and turn it more carefully. O the wonderful vagaries of Fortune! for the Country-man had not so much as examined a seam of it, but carelessly exposed it as Beggars-booty.

Ascyltos seeing the Coat unript, and the Person of the Seller contemptible, took me aside from the Crowd: And "don't you see Brother," said he, "the treasure I made such moan about is returned? That's the Coat with the Gold in't, all safe and untoucht: What therefore do we do, or what course shall we take to get our own again?"

I now comforted, not so much that I had seen the Booty, but had clear'd my self of the Suspicion that lay upon me, was by no means for going about the Bush, but down-right bringing an Action against him, That if the Fellow would not give up the Coat to the right owner, we might recover it by Law:

Laws bear the Name, but Money has the Power;
The Cause is bad when e'er the Client's Poor:
Those strickt liv'd Men that seem above our World
Are oft too modest to resist our Gold.
So Judgment, like our other Wares, is sold;
And the grave Knight that nods upon the Laws,
Wak'd by a Fee, Hems, and approves the Cause.

Ascyltos on the other side afraid of the Law, "Who," said he, "knows us in this place, or will give any credit to what we say? I am clear for buying it, tho' we know it to be our own, and rather recover the Treasure with a little Money, than embroil our selves in an uncertain Suit"; but we had not above a couple of Groats ready Money, and that we design'd should buy us somewhat to eat. Least therefore the Coat should be gone in the mean time, we agreed, rather than fail, to sell the Mantle at a lower price, that the advantage we got by the one, might make what we lost by the other more easie.

As soon therefore as we had spread open the Mantle, the Woman that stood muffled by the Country-man, having pryingly taken notice of some tokens about it,

forceably laid both hands on't, and setting up her Throat, cryed out, "Thieves, Thieves!"

We on the t'other part being disordered at it, lest yet he might seem to do nothing, got hold of the totter'd Coat, and as spitefully roar'd, they had robb'd us of it: But our case was in no wise like theirs, and the Rabble that came in to the out-cry, ridicul'd, as they were wont, the weaker side, in that the others laid claim to so rich a Mantle, and we to a ragged Coat, scarce worth a good Patch. At this Ascylos could hardly keep his Countenance; but the noise being over, We see, said he, how every one likes his own best, Give us our Coat, and let them take the Mantle.

The Country-man and the Woman lik'd the exchange well enough, but a sort of Petty-Foggers, most of whose business was such Night Practice, having a mind to get the Mantle themselves, as importunately required, that both Mantle and Coat should be left in their hands, and the Judge would hear their complaints on the Morrow: For it was not the things alone that seem'd to be in dispute, but quite another matter to be enquir'd into, to wit, a strong suspicion of Robbery on both sides.

At last it was agreed to put both into some indifferent hand, till the right were determin'd; when presently one, I know not who, with a bald Pate, and a Face full of Pimples, he had been formerly a kind of Solicitor,

steps out of the Rout, and laying hold on the Mantle, said he'd be security it should be forth-coming the next day: when in truth he intended nothing more, but that having gotten it into Hucksters hands, it might be smuggled among them, as believing we would never come to own it, for fear of being taken up for it; for our part we were as willing as he; and an Accident befriended both of us: For the Country-man thinking scorn of it, that we demanded to have the patcht Coat given us, threw it at Ascylos's Head, and discharging us of everything but the Mantle, required that to be secur'd as the only cause of the Dispute. Having therefore recovered, as we thought, our Treasure, we made all the haste we could to the Inn, and having shut the Door upon us, made our selves Merry, as well with the judgment of the Rabble as of our Detractors, who with so much circumspection had restor'd us our Money.

While we were ripping the Coat and taking out the Gold, we overheard somebody asking mine Host, what kind of People those were that had just now come in, and being startled at it, I went down to see what was the matter, and understood that a City Serjeant, who according to the duty of his office, took an account of all Strangers, and had seen a couple come into the Inn, whose Names he had not yet Registered, and therefore, inquired of what Country they were, and what way of living they had.

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But mine Host gave me such a blind Account of it, that I began to suspect we were not safe there; whereupon for fear of being taken up, we thought fit to go off for the present, and not come back again till it was in the Night, but leave the care of our Supper to Gito.

We had resolv'd to keep out of the Broad Streets, and accordingly took our Walk thro' that quarter of the City where we were likely to meet least Company; when in a narrow winding Lane that had not Passage thro', we saw somewhat before us, two comely Matron-like Women, and followed them at a distance to a Chappel, which they entred, whence we heard an odd humming kind of Noise, as if it came from the hollow of a Cave: Curiosity also made us go in after them, where we saw a number of Women, as mad as they had been, Sacrificing to Bacchus, and each of them an Amulet (the Ensign of Priapus) in her Hand. More than that we could not get to see; for they no sooner perceived us, than they set up such a shout, that the Roof of the Temple shook agen, and withal endeavoured to lay Hands on us; but we scamper'd and made what haste we could to the Inn.

Nor had we sooner stuff'd our selves with the Supper Gito had got for us, when a more than ordinary Bounce at the Door, put us into another fright; and when we, pale as Death, ask'd who was there, 'twas answer'd, "Open the Door and you'll see:" While

we were yet talking, the Bolt drop'd off, and the Door flew open, on which, a Woman with her Head muff'd came in upon us, but the same who a little before had stood by the Country-man in the Market: "And what," said she, "do you think to put a trick upon me? I am Quartilla's Maid, whose Sacred recess you so lately disturb'd: She is at the Inn-gate, and desires to speak with ye: not that she either taxes your Inadvertency, or has a mind to so resent it, but rather wonders, what God brought such Civil Gentlemen into her Quarters."

We were silent as yet, and gave her the hearing, but inclin'd to neither part of what she had said, when in came Quartilla her self, attended with a young Girl, and sitting down by me, fell a weeping: nor here also did we offer a word, but stood expecting what those Tears at command meant. At last when the Showre had emptied it self, she disdainfully turn'd up her Hood, and clinching her Fingers together, till the Joints were ready to crack, "What Impudence," said she, "is this? or where learnt ye those Shamms, and that slight of Hand ye have so lately been beholding to? By my Faith, Young-men, I am sorry for ye; for no one beheld what was unlawful for him to see, and went off unpunisht: and verily our part of the Town has so many Deities, you'l sooner find a God than a Man in't: And that you may not think I came hither to be revenged on ye, I am more concern'd for your Youth.

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than the Injury ye have done me: for unawares, as I yet think, ye have committed an unexpiable abomination.

“For my part it troubled me all Night, and threw me into such a shaking, that I was afraid I had gotten a Tertian, on which I took somewhat to have made me sleep; but the God appeared to me, and commanded me to rise and find ye out, as the likeliest way to take off the violence of the Fit. But I am not so much in pain for a remedy, as that a greater anguish strikes me to the heart, and will undoubtedly make an end of me, for fear in one of your Youthful Frolicks, you should disclose what you saw in Priapus’s Chappel, and utter the Counsels of the Gods among the People. Low as your Knees, I therefore lift my Hands t’ye, that ye neither make sport of our Night-worship, nor dishonour the Mysteries of so many years, which, ’tis not every one, even among our selves, that knows.”

After this she fell a crying again, and with many a pittiful groan, fell flat on my Bed: when I at the same time, between pity and fear, bid her take courage and assure her self of both; for that we would neither divulge those holy Mysteries; nor if the God had prescribed her any other remedy for her Ague, be wanting our selves to assist Providence, even with our own hazard.

At this Promise of mine, becoming more chearful, she fell a kissing me thick and threefold, and turning

the humour of Tears into Laughing, she comb'd up some Hair that hung over my Face with her Fingers, and, "I come to a Truce with ye," said she, "and discharge ye of the Process I intended against you: but if ye shou'd refuse me the Medicine I entreat of ye for the Ague, I have Fellows enough will be ready by to Morrow, that shall both vindicate my Reputation, and revenge the Affront ye put upon me.

"Contempt's dishono'able, and the Giver rude,
T'advise the Doctor, speaks the patient proud:
But I am Mistress of my self so far,
I can pay scorn with scorn without a War:
The wise revenge is to neglect the ill,
They're not the only Conquerours that Kill."

Then clapping her Hands together, she turn'd off to so violent a Laughter, that made us apprehensive of some design against us; the same also did the Woman that came in first, and the Girl that came with her; but so mimically, that seeing no reason for so sudden a change, we one while star'd on one another, and otherwhile on the Woman.

At length, quoth Quartilla, "I have commanded, That no flesh alive be suffered to come into this Inn to day; that I may receive from you the Medicine for the Ague without interruption."

At what time Ascylos was a little amaz'd, and I so chill'd that I had not power to utter a word: But the

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Company gave me heart not to expect worse, for they were but three Women, and if they had any design, must yet be too weak to effect it against us, who if we had nothing more of Man about us, had yet that Figure to befriend us: We were all girt up for the purpose, and I had so contriv'd the Couples, that if it must come to a Rancounter, I was to make my part good with Quartilla, Ascylos with her Woman, and Gito the Girl.

While I was thus casting the matter in my Head, Quartilla came up to me, to cure me of the Ague, but finding her self disappointed, flew off in a rage, and returning in a little while, told us, there were certain Persons unknown, had a design upon us, and therefore commanded to remove us into a Noble Palace.

Here all our Courage fail'd us, and nothing but certain Death seem'd to appear before us.

When I began, "If, Madam, you design to be more severe with us, be yet so kind as to dispatch it quickly; for whate'er our offence be, it is not so hainous that we ought to be rack'd to death for it:" Upon which her Woman, whose Name was Psyche, spread a Coverlet on the Floor, *Sollicitavit inguina mea mille iam mortibus frigida*. Ascylos muffled his Head in his Coat, as having had a hint given him, how dangerous it was to take notice of what did not concern him: In the mean time Psyche took off her Garters,

and with one of them bound my Feet, and with the other my Hands.

Thus fetter'd as I lay, "This, Madam," said I, "is not the way to rid you of your Ague." "I grant it," answer'd Psyche, "but I have a Dose at hand will infallibly do it" and therefore brought me a lusty Bowl of Satyricon, (a Love-Potion) and so merrily ran over the wonderful effects of it; that I had well-nigh suck'd it all off; But because Ascylos had slighted her Courtship, she finding his Back towards her, threw the bottom of it on him.

Ascylos perceiving the Chat was at an end, "Am not I worthy," said he, "to get a sup?" And Psyche fearing my Laughter might discover her, clapped her Hands, and told him, "Young-man I made you an offer of it, but your Friend here has drunk it all out."

"Is it so," quoth Quartilla, smiling very agreeably, "and has Ercolpius gugg'd it all down?" At last also even Gito laught for Company, at what time the young Wench flung her Arms about his Neck, and meeting no resistance, half smother'd him with Kisses.

We would have cry'd out, but there was no one near to help us; and as I was offering to bid 'em keep the Peace, Psyche fell a nipping and pricking me with her Bodkin: on the other side also, the young Wench half stifled Ascylos with a Dish-clout she had rubb'd in the Bowl.

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Lastly came leaping upon us a Burdash, in a rough Mantle stuck with Myrtle, girt about him; and one while almost ground our Hipps to Powder with his bobbing at us, and other while slobber'd us with his nasty Kisses; till Quartilla, holding her Staff of office in her Hand, discharg'd us of the Service; but not without having first taken an Oath of us, that so dreadful a Secret should go no further than our selves. Then came in a company of Wrestlers, and rubb'd us over with the Yolk of an Egg beaten to Oil: When being somewhat refresh'd, we put on our Night Gowns, and were led into the next Room, that had three Beds in it, all well appointed, and the rest of the entertainment as splendidly set out. The word was given, and we sate down, when having whet our appetites with an excellent Antipast, we swill'd our selves with the choicest of Wine; nor was it long e'er we fell a nodding. "It is so," quoth Quartilla; "can ye sleep when ye know it is the Vigil to Priapus?" at what time Ascyltos snor'd so soundly, that Psyche, not yet forgetting the disapointment, he gave her, all besooted his Face, and scor'd down his Shoulders with a burnt Sticks end.

Plagu'd with these mischiefs, I hardly got the least wink of Sleep, nor was the whole Family, whether within doors or without, in a much better condition; some lay up and down at our Feet, others had run their Heads against the Walls, and others lay dead

asleep cross the Threshold: The Lamps also having drunk up their Oil, gave a thin and last blaze.

At this instant got in a couple of pilfering Rogues to have stollen our Wine; but while they fell a scuffling among some Silver Vessels that stood upon the Table, they broke the Earthen Pot that held the Wine, and overthrew the Table, with the Plate on it, and at the same time also, a Cup falling off the Shelf on Psyche's Bed, broke her Head as she lay fast asleep; on which he cry'd out, and therewith discovered the Thieves, and wak'd some of the Drunkards: The Thieves on the other hand finding themselves in a Pound, threw themselves on one of the Beds, as some of the Guests, and fell a snoring like the rest. The Usher of the Hall being by this time got awake, put some more Oil in the dying Lamps; and the Boys, having rubb'd their Eyes, return'd to their charge, when in came a Woman that play'd on the Harp, and ratling its Strings, rous'd all the rest: On which the Banquet was renew'd, and Quartilla gave the Word, to go on where we left (that is, Drinking:) The She Harper also added not a little to our Midnight Revel.

At last bolted in a shameless Rascal, one of no Grace either in Words of Gesture, and truly worthy of the House where he was; he also set up his voice, 'till apishly composing himself, as if he intended somewhat to the Company, he mouth'd out these Verses:

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O yes! Now Tumblers with your wanton Tricks,
Make haste, move your Legs quick, make the Ground
drum;
With wanton Arms, soft Thighs, and active Hips,
The Old, the Tender, and the sweetly Young.

Consumptis versibus suis immundissimo me basio
conspuit. Mox et super lectum venit atque omni vi
detexit recusantem. Super inguina mea diu multumque
frustea moluit. Profluebant per frontem sudantem
acaciae rivi, et inter rugas malarum tantum erat
cretae, ut putares detectum parictum nimbo laborare.
Non tenui ego diutius lacrimas, sed ad ultiman,
perductus tristitiam. "Quaeso," inquam, "domina,
certe embasicoetan iusseras dari." Complosit illa
tenerius manus et "O" inquit "hominem acutum
atque urbanitatis vernaculae fontem. Quid? tu non
intellexeras cinaedum embasicoetan vocari?" Deinde
ut contubernali meo melius succederet, "Per fidem"
inquam "vestram, Ascylos in hoc triclinio solus ferias
agit?" "Ita" inquit Quartilla "et Ascylo embasi-
coetas detur." Ab hoc voce equum cinaedus mutavit
transituque ad comitem meum facto clunibus eum
basiisque distrivit. Stabat inter haec Giton et risu
dissolvebat ilia sua. Itaque conspicata eum Quartilla,
cuius esset puer, diligentissima sciscitatione quaesivit.
Cum ego fratrem meum esse dixissem, "Quare ergo"
inquit "me non basiavit?" Vocatumque ad se in
osculum applicuit. Mox manum etiam demisit in

sinum et pertrectato vasculo tam rudi “ Haec ” inquit “ belle cras in promulside libidinis nostrae militabit: hodie enim. post asellum diaria non sumo.” With that Psyche came tittering to her, and having whispered I know not what in her Ear, Thou art in the right, quoth Quartilla, ’twas well thought on; and since we have so fine an opportunity, why should not our Pannychis lose her Maidenhead? And forthwith was brought in a pretty young Girl, that seem’d not to be above Seven years of Age, and was the same that first came into our Room with Quartilla: All approv’d it with a general Clap, and next desiring it, a Wedding was struck up between the Boy and her. For my part I stood amaz’d, and assur’d them, That neither Gito, a bashful Lad, was able for the drudgery, nor the Girl of years to receive it. “ Ita,” inquit Quartilla, “ minor eat ista quam ego fui, quum primum virum passa sum? Iunonem meam iratam habeam, si umquam me meminim virginem fuisse. Nam et infans cum paribus inclinata sum, et subinde procedentibus annis maioribus me pueris applicui, donec ad hanc aetatem perveni. Hinc etiam puto proverbium natum illud, ut dicatur posse taurum tollere, qui vitulum Sustulerit.”

Least therefore my Comrade might run a greater hazard, I got up to the Wedding.

And now Psyche put a flame-colour Veil on the Girles Head; the Pathick led before with a Flamboe, and a long Train of drunken Women, fell a shouting,

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and drest up the Bride-Chamber; Quartilla, all a-gog as the rest, took hold of Gito, and dragg'd him in with her: But truly the Boy made no resistance; nor seem'd the Girl frighted at the name of Matrimony. When therefore they were lockt up, we sat without, before the Threshold of the Chamber; and Quartilla having waggishly slit a Chink thro' the Door, as wantonly laid an ape's eye to it; nor content with that, pluck't me also to see that Childs play, and when we were not peeping, would turn her Lips to me, and steal a Kiss.

The Jade's fulsomeness had so tir'd me that I began to devise which was to get off. I told Ascylos my mind, and he was well pleased with it, for he was a willing to get rid of his torment, Psyche: Nor was it hard to be done, if Gito had not been lockt up in the Chamber; for we were resolved to take him with us, and not leave him to the mercy of a Bawdy-house. While we were contriving how to effect it, it so happened that Pannychis fell out of Bed, and drew Gito after her, without any hurt, though the Girl got a small knock in the fall, and therewith made such a Cry, that Quartilla, all in a fright, ran headlong in, and gave us the opportunity of getting off, and taking the Boy with us; when without more ado, we flew to our Inn, and getting to Bed, past the rest of the Night without fear.

But going out the next day, whom should we meet

but two of those Fellows that robb'd us of the Mantle, which Ascyltos perceiving, he briskly attack'd one of them, and having disarm'd and desperately wounded him, came in to my relief; who was pressing upon the other, but he behav'd himself so well, that he wounded us both, altho' but slightly, and got off himself without so much as a Scratch.

And now came the third day, that is the expectation of an Entertainment at Trimalchio's, where every one might speak what he would: But having received some Wounds, we thought flight might be of more use to us than sitting still: We got to our Inn therefore, as fast as we could, and our Wounds not being great, cured them as we lay in Bed, with Wine and Oyl.

But the Rogue whom Ascyltos had hewn down, lay in the Street, and we were in fear of being discovered, while therefore we were pensively considering which way to avoid the impending Storm, a Servant of Agamemnon's interrupted our fears: "And do not ye know," said he, "with whom we eat to-day? Trimalchio, a trim finical Humorist has a Clock in his Dining-Room, and one on purpose to let him know how many Minutes of his Life he had lost." We therefore drest our selves carefully, and Gito willingly taking upon him the part of a Servant, as he had hither to done, we bad him put our things together, and follow us to the Bath.

Being in the mean time got ready, we walk'd we

knew not where, or rather, having a mind to divert us, struck into a Tennis-Court, where we saw an old Bald-pated Fellow in a Carnation-colour'd Coat, playing at Ball with a company of Boys, nor was it so much the Boys, tho' it was worth our while, that engaged us to be lookers on as the Master of the House himself in Pumps, who altogether tossed the Ball, and never struck it after it once came to the Ground, but had a servant by him, with a Bag full of them, and enough for all that play'd.

We observed also some new things; for in the Gallery stood two Eunuchs, one of whom held a Silver Chamber-pot, the other counted the Balls, not those they kept tossing, but such as fell to the Ground. While we admir'd the Humour, one Menelaus came up to us, and told us we were come where we must set up for the Night, and that we had seen the beginning of our Entertainment. As he was yet talking, Trimalchio snapp'd his Fingers, at which sign the Eunuch held the Chamber-pot to him as he was playing; then calling for Water, he dipped the tips of his Fingers in it, and dry'd them on the Boys Head. 'Twould be too long to recount every thing: We went into the Hot-house, and having sweated a little, into the Cold Bath; and while Trimalchio was anointed from Head to Foot with a liquid Perfume, and rubb'd clean again, not with Linnen but with finest Flannen, his three Chyrurgeons ply'd the Muscadine,

but brawling over their Cups; Trimalchio said it was his turn to drink; then wrapt in a Scarlet Mantle, he was laid on a Litter born by Six Servants, with Four Lacqueys in rich Liveries running before him, and by his side a Sedan, in which was carried his Darling, a stale bleer-eyed Catamite, more Ill-favoured than his Master Trimalchio; who as they went on, kept close to his Ear with a Flagellet, as if he had whispered him, and made him Musick all the way. Wondering, we followed, and, with Agamemnon, came to the Gate, on which hung a Tablet with this Inscription:

WHAT EVER SERVANT GOES FORTH
WITHOUT HIS MASTER'S COMMAND,
HE SHALL RECEIVE AN HUNDRED
STRIPES.

In the Porch stood the Porter in a Green Livery, girt about with a Cherry-coloured Girdle, garbling of Pease in a Silver Charger; and over head hung a Golden Cage with a Magpye in it, which gave us an All Hail as we entred: But while I was gaping at these things, I had like to have broken my Neck backward, for on the left hand, not far from the Porter's Lodge, there was a great Dog in a Chain painted on the Wall, and over him written in Capital Letters, BEWARE THE DOG. My Companions could not forbear laughing; but I recollecting my Spirits, pursued my design of going to the end of the

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Wall; it was the draught of a Market-place where Slaves were bought and sold with Bills over them: There was also Trimalchio with a white Staff in his Hand, and Minerva with a Train after her entring Rome: Then having learnt how to cast Accompt, he was made Auditor; all exquisitely painted with their proper Titles; and at the end of the Gallery Mercury lifting him by the Chin, and placing him on a Judgment-Seat, Fortune stood by him with a Cornucopia, and the Three fatal Sisters winding a Golden Thread.

I observed also in the same place a Troop of Light-horsemen, with their Commander exercising them, as also a Large Armory, in one of the Angles of which stood a Shrine with the Gods of the House in Silver, a Marble Statue of Venus, and a large Golden Box, in which it was said he kept the first Shavings of his Beard. Then asking the Servant that had the charge of these things, What Pictures those were in the Middle? The Iliads and the Odysses, said he, and on the left-hand two spectacles of Sword-playing. We could not bestow much time on it, for by this time we were come to the Dining-Room, in the entry of which sate his Steward, taking every ones Account: But what I most admir'd, were those bundles of Rods, with their Axes, that were fastned to the sides of the Door, and stood, as it were, on the Brazen Prow of a Ship, on which was written,

TO CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO OF
PRÆTORIAN DIGNITY; CINNAMUS
THE STEWARD.

Under the same Title also, hung a Lamp of two Lights from the Roof of the Room, and two Tablets on either side of the Door; of which one, if I well remember, had this Inscription,

THE THIRD AND SECOND OF THE
KALENDS OF JANUARY, OUR PATRON
CAIUS EATS ABROAD.

On the other was represented the Course of the Moon, and the seven Stars; and what Days were Lucky, what Unlucky, with an Emboss'd Studd to distinguish the one from the other.

Full of this Sensuality we were now entring the Room, where one of his Boys, set there for that purpose, call'd aloud to us, "ADVANCE ORDERLY." Nor is it to be doubted, but we were somewhat concern'd for fear of breaking the Orders of the place. But while we were footing it accordingly, a Servant stript off his Livery, fell at our Feet, and besought us to save him a Whipping; for he said his Fault was no great matter, but that some Cloaths of the Stewards had been stolen from him in the Bath, and all of them not worth Eighteen-pence.

We returned therefore in good Order, and finding the Steward in the Counting-House telling some Gold, besought him to remit the Servant's punishment:

When putting on an haughty Face, "It is not," said he, "the loss of the thing troubles me, but the Negligence of a careless Rascal. He has lost me the Garments I sate at Table in, and which a Client of mine presented me on my Birth-day: no Man can deny them to be right Purple, tho' not double Dye; yet whatever it be, I grant your Request."

Having receiv'd so great a Favour, as we were entering the Dining-Room, the Servant for whom we had been Suitors, met us, and kissing us, who stood wondring what the Humour meant, over and over gave us thanks for our Civility; and in short, told us we should know by and by, whom it was we had oblig'd: The Wine which our Master keeps for his own drinking, is the Waiters kindness.

At length we sate down, when a bigger and sprucer sort of Boys coming about us, some of them poured Snow-water on our Heads, and others par'd the Nails of our Feet, with a mighty dexterity, and that not silently, but Singing as it were by the bye: I resolved to try if the whole Family Sang; and therefore called for Drink, which one of the Boys a readily brought me with an odd kind of Tune; and the same did every one as you asked for any thing: You'd have taken it for a Morris dancers Hall, not the Table of a Person of Quality.

Then came a sumptuous Antepast; for we were all seated, but only Trimalchio, for whom, after a new

fashion, the chief Place was reserv'd. Besides that, as a part of the Entertainment, there was set by us a large Vessel of Metheglin, with a Pannier, in the one part of which were white olives, in the other black; two broad Platters covered the Vessel, on the brims of which were Engraven Trimalchio's Name, and the weight of the Silver, with little Bridges soldered together, and on them Dormice strew'd over with Honey and Poppy: There were also piping-hot Sausages on a Silver Gridiron, and under that large Damsons, with the Kernels of Pomegranats.

In this Condition were we when Trimalchio himself was waddled into the Consort; and being close bolster'd with Neck-cloaths and Pillows to keep off the Air, we could not forbear laughing unawares: For his bald Pate peep'd out of a Scarlet Mantle, and over the load of Cloaths he lay under, there hung an Embroidered Towel, with Purple Tassels and Fringes dingle dangle about it: He had also on the little Finger of his left Hand, a large Gilt Ring, and on the outmost joint of the Finger next it, one lesser, which I took for all Gold; but at last it appeared to be jointed together with a kind of Stars of Steel. And that we might see these were not all his Bravery, he stripp'd his right Arm, on which he wore a Golden Bracelet, and an Ivory Circle, bound together with a glittering Locket and a Meddal at the end of it: Then picking his Teeth with a Silver Pin, "I had not, my Friends,"

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said he, "any inclination to have come among you so soon, but fearing my absence might make you wait too long, I deny'd myself my own satisfaction; however suffer me to make an end of my Game:" There followed him a Boy with an Inlaid Table and Chrystal Dice; and I took notice of one thing more pleasant than the rest; for instead of black and white Counters, his were all Silver and Gold pieces of Money.

In the mean time while he was squandering his Heap at Play, and we were yet picking a Relish here and there, a Cupboard was brought in with a Basket, in which was a Hen Carved in Wood, her Wings lying round and hollow, as sitting on Brood; when presently the Consort struck up, and two Servants fell a searching the Straw under her, and taking out some Peahens Eggs, distributed them among the Company: At this Trimalchio changing Countenance, "I commanded my Friends," said he "the Hen to be set with Peahens Eggs; and so help me Hercules, am afraid they may be half Hatcht: however we'll try if they are yet Suppable."

The thing we received was a kind of Shell of at least Six Pounds weight, made of Paste, and moulded into the Figure of an Egg, which we easily broke; and for my part, I was like to have thrown away my share; for it seemed to me to have a Chick in it; till hearing an old Guest of the Tables saying, It was some good Bit or other, I searched further into it,

and found a delicate fat Wheatear in the middle of a well-pepper'd Yolk: On this Trimalchio stopped his play for a while, and requiring the like for himself, proclaim'd, If any of us would have any more Metheglin, he was at liberty to take it; when of a sudden the Musick gave the Sign, and the first Course was scrabled away by a Company of Singers and Dancers; but in the Rustle it happening that a Dish fell on the Floor, a Boy took it up, and Trimalchio taking notice of it, pluck'd him by the Ears, and commanded him to throw it down again; on which the Groom of the Chamber came with a Broom and swept away the Silver Dish, with whatsoever else had fallen from the Table.

When presently came in two long-hair'd Blacks, with small Leather Bottles, such as with which they strew Sand on the Stage, and gave us Wine to wash our Hands, but no one offered us Water. We all admiring the Finicalness of the Entertainment, "Mars," said he, "is a lover of Justice, and therefore let every one have a Table to himself, for having more Elbow-room, these nasty stinking Boys will be less troublesome to us;" and thereupon large double-Ear'd Vessels of Glass close Plaistered over, were brought up with Labels about their Necks, upon which was this Inscription:

OPIMIAN MUSCADINE OF AN HUNDRED
YEARS OLD.

OF PETRONIUS

While we were reading the Titles, Trimalchio clapped his Hands, and "Alas, alas," said he, "that Wine should live longer than Man! Wine is Life, and we'll try if it has held good ever since the Consulship of Lucius Opimius, or not. 'Tis right Opimian, and therefore make ready; I brought not out so good yesterday, yet there were persons of better Quality Sup'd with me."

We drank and admired every thing, when in came a Servant with a Silver Puppet, so jointed and put together that it turned every way; and being more than once thrown upon the Table, cast it self into several Figures; on which Trimalchio came out with his Poetry:

Unhappy Mortals, on how fine a Thread
Our Lives depend! How like this Puppet Man,
Shall we, alas! be all when we are dead!
Therefore let's live Merrily while we can.

The Applause we gave him, was followed with a Service, but respecting the place not so considerable as might have been expected: However, the Novelty of the thing drew every Man's Eye upon it; it was a large Charger, with the twelve Signs round it; upon every one of which the Master Cook had laid somewhat or other suitable to the Sign. Upon Aries, Chick-Pease, (a Pulse not unlike a Ram's-head); upon Taurus a piece of Beef; upon Gemini a pair of

Pendulums and Kidneys; upon Cancer a Coronet; upon Leo an African Figg; upon Virgo a well-grown Boy; upon Libra a pair of Scales, in one of which was a Tart, in the other a Custard; upon Scorpio a Pilchard; upon Sagittary a Grey-hound; upon Capricorn a Lobster; upon Aquarius a Goose; upon Pisces two Mulletts; and in the middle a Plat of Herbs, cut out like a green Turf, and over them a Honey-comb. During this, a lesser Black carry'd about Bread in a Silver Oven, and with a hideous Voice, forced a Bawdy Song from a Buffoon that stunk like *Assa Fœtida*.

When Trimalchio perceived we look'd somewhat awkwardly on such course Fare, "Come, come," said he, "fall to and Eat, this is the Custom of the place."

Nor had he sooner said it, then the fourth Consort struck up; at which the Waiters fell a Dancing, and took off the upper part of the Charger, under which was a Dish of cramm'd Fowl, and the hinder Paps of a Sow that had Farrowed but a day before, well Powdered, and in the middle a Hare, stuck in with Finns of Fish in his side, that he look'd like a Flying Horse; and on the sides of the Fish four little Images, that spouted a relishing Sauce on some Fish that lay near them, all of them brought from the River Euripus.

We also seconded the Shout begun by the Family, and fell merrily aboard this; and Trimalchio no less pleas'd than our selves, cryed "Cut"; at which the Musick sounding again, the Carver humour'd it, and

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cut up the Meat with such Antick Postures, you'd have thought him a Car-man fighting to an Organ.

Nevertheless Trimalchio in a lower Note, cried out again "Cut:" I hearing the word so often repeated, suspecting there might be some Joke in it, was not ashamed to ask him that sat next above me, what it meant? And he that had been often present at the like, "You see," said he, "him that Carves about, his Name is Cutter; and as often as he says 'Cut,' he both Calls and Commands."

The Humour spoiled my Stomach for eating; but turning to him that I might learn more, I made some pleasant Discourse to him at a distance; and at last asked him what that Woman was that so often scutled up and down the Room.

"It is," said he, "Trimalchio's Wife, her Name Fortunata, she measures Money by the Bushel; but what was she not long since? Pardon me Sir, you would not have touch'd her with a pair of Tongs, but now, no one knows how or wherefore, she's got into Heaven; and is Trimalchio's all in all: In short, if she says it is Mid-night at Mid-day, he'll believe her. He's so very Wealthy, he knows not what he has; but she has an Eye every where; and when you least think to meet her: She's void of all Good Counsel, and withal of all ill Tongue; a very Pye at his Bolster; whom she Loves she Loves; and whom she does not Love, she does not Love.

“Then for Trimalchio, he has more Lands than a Crow can fly over; Monies upon Monies: There lies more Silver in his Porters Lodge, than any one Man’s whole Estate. And for his Family, Hey-day, hey-day, there is not (so help me Hercules) one tenth of them that know their Master. In brief, there is not one of those Fools about him, but he can turn him into a Cabbage-stalk. Nor is there any occasion to Buy any thing, he has all at his own Door; Wooll, Marte, Pepper, nay Hens Milk; do but beat about and you’ll find it. In a word, time was, his Wooll was none of the best, and therefore he bought Rams at Tarentum to mend this Breed; an in like manner he did by his Honey, by bringing his Bees from Athens. It is not long since but he sent to the Indies for Mushroom-Seed: Nor has he so much as a Mule that did not come of a Wild Ass. See you all these Quilts? there is not one of them whose Wadding is not the finest Comb’d Wooll of Violet or Scarlet Colour, Dy’d in Grain. O happy Man! but have a care how you put a slight on those Freed Men, they are Rich Rogues: See you him that sits at the lower-end of the Table, he has now the Lord knows what; and ’tis not long since he was not worth a Groat, and carried Billets and Faggots at his Back; It is said, but I know nothing of it myself, but as I have heard, either he got in with an old Hog-grubbler, or had to do with an Incubus, and found a Treasure:

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For my part, I envy no Man, (if God gives anything it is a Bit of a Blow, and wills no Evil to himself) he lately set up this Proclamation:

“C. POMPEIUS DIOGENES HAS SOME LODGINGS TO LET, FOR HE HATH BOUGHT A HOUSE.”

“But what think you of him who sits in the place of a late Slave? how well was he once? I do not upbraid him: He was once worth a Hundred Thousand Sesterstias, but has not now a Hair of his Head that is not Engaged; nor, so help me Hercules, it is his own Fault: There is not a better humour'd Man than himself; but those Rascally Freed-men have cheated him of all: For know, when the Pot boyls, and a Man's Estate declines, farewell Friends. And what Trade do you think he drove? He had the setting forth of Grave Men's Funerals; and with that Eat like a Prince: He had his Wild Boars served up covered; Pastry-Meats, Fowl-Cooks, Bakers: More Wine was thrown under his Table, than most Men have in their Cellars; a meer Phantasm: And when his Estate was going, and he feared his Creditors might fall upon him, he made an Auction under this Title:

“JULIUS PROCULUS WILL MAKE AN AUCTION OF SEVERAL GOODS HE HAS NO USE OF.”

The Dish was by this time taken away, and the Guests grown merry with Wine, began to talk of what was done abroad, when Trimalchio broke the Discourse; and leaning on his Elbow, “this Wine,”

said he, “is worth drinking, and Fish must swim; but do you think I am satisfied with that part of your Supper you saw in the Charger? Is Ulysses no better known? what then; we ought to exercise our Brains as well as our Chaps; and shew, that we are not only lovers of Learning, but understand it: Peace rest my old Tutor’s Bones who made me a Man amongst Men: No Man can tell me any thing that is New to me; for, like him, I am Master of the Practicks.

“This Heaven, that’s inhabited by twelve Gods, turns it self into as many Figures; and now ’tis Aries: He that’s born under that Sign has much Cattle, much Wooll, and to that a Jolt-head, a Brazen-face, and will be certainly a Cuckold: There are many Scholars, Advocates, and Horned Beasts, come into the World under this Sign. We praised our Nativity-Caster’s pleasantness, and he went on then again: The whole Heaven is Taurus, and wonder it e’er bore Foot-ball-Players, Herds-men, and such as can shift for themselves. Under Gemini are foaled Coach-Horses, Oxen calved, great Baubles, and such as can claw both sides are born. I was born my self under Cancer, and therefore stand on many Feet, as having large Possessions both by Sea and Land. For Cancer suits one as well as the other, and therefore I put nothing upon him, that I might not press my own Geniture. Under Leo, Spendthrifts and Bullies: under Virgo, Women, Runagates, and such as wear Iron Garters: under

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Libra, Butchers, Slip-slop-makers, and Men of Business: under Scorpio, Empoisoners and Cut-throats: under Sagittary, such as are Goggle-ey'd, Herb-women, and Bacon-stealers: under Capricorn, poor helpless Rascals, to whom yet Nature intended Horns to defend themselves: under Aquarius, Cooks and Paunch-bellies: under Pisces, Caterers and Orators: And so the World goes round like a Mill, and is never without its Mischief; that Men be either born or perish. But for that tuft of Herbs in the middle, and the Honey-comb upon it, I do nothing without just reason for it: Our Mother the Earth is in the middle, made round like an Egg, and has all good things in her self, like a Honey-comb."

"Most Learnedly," we all cry'd; and lifting our hands, swore, neither Hipparebus nor Aratus were to be compared to him, till at last other Servants came in and spread Coverlets on the Beds, on which were Painted Nets, Men in Ambush with Hunting-Poles, and whatever appertained to Hunting: Nor could we yet tell what to make of it: when we heard a great cry without, and a pack of Beagles came and ran round the Table, and after them a large Trey, on which was a Boar of the first Magnitude, with a Cap on his Head, (such as Slaves at their making Free, had set on theirs in token of Liberties) on his Tusks hung two Wicker Baskets, the one full of Dates, the other of Almonds; and about him lay little Pigs of March-

pane, as if they were sucking: They signified a Sow had Farrowed, and hang there as Presents for the Guests to carry away with them.

To the cutting up this Boar, here came not he that had carried about the Fowl as before, but a Swinging Fellow with a two-handed Beard, Buskins on his Leggs, and a short Embroidered Coat; who drawing his Wood-Knife, made a large hole in the Boar's Side, out of which flew a company of Blackbirds: Then Fowlers stood ready with their Engines and caught them in a trice as they fluttered about the Room: On which Trimalchio ordering to every Man his Bird, "See," said he, "what kind of Acorns this Wild Boar fed on:" When presently the Boys took off the Baskets and distributed the Dates and Almonds among the Guests.

In the mean time, I, who had private thoughts of my own, was much concerned, to know why the Boar was brought in with a Cap upon his Head; and therefore having run out my Tittle-tattle, I told my Interpreter what troubled me: To which he answered, "Your Boy can even tell ye what it means, for there's no Riddle in it, but all as clear as Day. This Boar stood the last of Yester-nights Supper, and dismiss'd by the Guests, returns now as a Free-man among us." I curst my dulness, and asked him no more questions, that I might not be thought to have never eaten before with Men of Sense.

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While we were yet talking, in came a handsome Boy with a Wreath of Vine Leaves and Ivy about his Head; declaring himself one while Bromius, another while Lyccus, and another Euphyus (several Names of Bacchus) he carried about a Server of Grapes, and with a clear Voice, repeated some of his Master's Poetry, at which Trimalchio turning to him, "Dionysius," said he, "be thou Liber," (i.e.) Free, (two other Names of Bacchus) whereupon the Boy took the Cap from off the Boar's Head, and putting it on his own, Trimalchio added, "You will not deny me but I have a Father, Liber." We all praised the conceit, and soundly kissed the Boy as he went round us.

From this up rose Trimalchio, and went to the Close-Stool; we also being at liberty, without a Tyrant over us fell to some Table-talk.

When presently one calling for a Bumper, "the Day," said he, "is nothing, 'tis night e'er the Scene turn, and therefore nothing is better than to go straight from Bed to Board. We have had a great deal of Frost, the Bagnio has scarce heated me; but a warm drinking is my Wardrobe-keeper: For my part, I have spun this days Thread; the Wine is got into my Noddle, and I am down-right——"

Selucus went on with the rest, "and I," said he, "do not bathe every day, for he where I use to bathe is a Fuller: Cold Water has Teeth in it, and my

Head grows every day more washy than others, but when I have got my Dose in my Guts, I bid defiance to Cold: Nor could I well do it to day, for I was at a Funeral, a jolly Companion, and a good Man was he, Crysanthus has breathed his last: 'Tis not long since we were together, and methinks I talk with him now. Alas, alas! we are but blown Bladders, less than Flies, yet they have somewhat in them: But we are meer Bubbles. You'll say he would not be rul'd; not a drop of Water, or Crumb of Bread went down his Throat in five Days: And yet he's gone, or that he died of the Doctor. But I am of opinion his time was come; for a Physician is a great Comfort. However, he was well carried out of his House upon a rich Bed, and mightily lamented, he made some of his Servants Free; but his Wife seem'd not much concerned for him. You'l say again he was not kind to her; but Women are a kind of Kites; whatever good is done them, 'tis the same as if it were thrown in a Well; and old Love is as bad as a Goal."

At this Philaos grew troublesome, and cryed out, "Let us remember the Living: He had what was due to him; as he liv'd so he dy'd; and what has he now that any Man moans the want of? He came from nothing, and to his dying-day would have taken a Farthing from a Dunghil with his Teeth; therefore as he grew up, he grew like a Honey-comb. He dy'd worth the Lord knows what, all ready Money. But

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to the Matter; I have eaten a Dog's Tongue and dare speak truth: He had a foul Mouth, was all Babble; a very Make-bate, not a Man. His Brother was a brave Fellow, a Friend to his Friends, of an open hand, and kept a full Table: He did not order his affairs so well at first as he might have done; but the first Vintage made him up again; for he sold what Wine he would; and what kept up his Chin was the expectation of a Reversion; the Credit of which brought him more than was left him; for his Brother taking a Pelt at him, devised the Estate to I know not whose Bastard: He flies far that flies his Relations. Besides, this Brother of his had Whisperers about him, that were back-friends to the other: but he shall never do right that is quick of belief, especially in matter of business; and yet 'tis true, he'll be counted wise while he lives, to whom the thing whatever it be is given, nor he that ought to have had it. He was without doubt, one of Fortune's Sons; Lead in his hand would turn to Gold, and without trouble too, where there are not Rubbs in the way. And how many Years think ye he liv'd? Seventy-odd: but he was as hard as Horn, bore his Age well, and as black as a Crow.

“I knew him some years ago an Oilman, and to his last a good Womans Man; but withal such a Miser, that (so help me Hercules) I think he left not a Dogg in his House. He was also a great Whore-master,

and a Jack of all Trades; nor do I condemn him for't, for this was the only secret he kept to himself and carry'd with him."

Thus Phileros and Gammedes, as followeth: "Ye talk of what concerns neither Heaven nor Earth, when in the mean time no Man regards what makes all Victuals so scarce: I could not (so help me Hercules) get a mouthful of Bread to day: and how? The drought continues: For my part, I have not fill'd my Belly this Twelvemonth: A plague on these Clerks of the Market, the Baker and they juggle together; Take no notice of me, I'll take no notice of thee; which make the poorer sort labour for nothing, while those greater Jaw-bones make Festival every day. Oh that we had those Lyons I now find here, when I first came out of Asia, that had been to live: The inner part of Sicily had the like of them, but they so handled the Goblins, even Jupiter bore them no Good-will. I remember Safinius, when I was a Boy, he liv'd by the Old Arch; you'd have taken him for Pepper-Corn rather than a Man; where-ever he went the Earth parched under him; yet he was honest at bottom; one might depend on him; a Friend to his Friend, and whom you might boldly trust in the dark. But how did he behave himself on the Bench? He toss'd every one like a Ball; made no Starch'd Speeches, but downright, as he were, doing himself what he would persuade others: But in the Market his noise

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was like a Trumpet, without Sweating or Spueing. I fancy he had somewhat, I know not what, of the Asian humour: then so ready to return a Salute, and call every one by his Name, as if he had been one of us. In his time Corn was as common as Loam; you might have bought more Bread for half a Farthing, than any two could eat; but now the Eye of an Ox will cost you twice as much: Alas! alas! we are every day worse and worse, and grow like a Cows Tail, downward: And why all this? We have a Clerk of the Market not worth three Figgs, and values more the getting of a Doit himself, than any of our Lives: 'Tis this makes him laugh in his sleeve; for he gets more Money in a day than many an honest Man's whole Estate: I know not how he got the Estate he has; but if we had any thing of Men about us, he would not hug himself as he does; but now the People are grown to this pass, that they are Lyons at home, and Foxes abroad: For my part, I have eaten up my Cloaths already, and if Corn holds at the rate it does, I shall be forc'd to sell House and all: For what will become of us, if neither Gods nor Men pity us? Let me never enjoy my Friends more, than I believe all this comes from Heaven; for no one thinks there is any such thing; no one keeps a Fast, or value Jupiter a hair, but shuts his Eyes and reckons what he is worth. Time was, when Matrons went bare-foot with dishevel'd Hair, pure Minds, and

pray'd him to send Rain, and forthwith it rained Pitcher-fulls, or then or never, and every one was pleased: Now the Gods are no better than Mice; as they tread, their Feet are wrapt in Wooll; and because ye are not Superstitious your Lands yield nothing."

"More Civilly, I beseech ye," said Echion the Hundred-Constable; "it is one while this way, and another while that, said the Country-man when he lost his speckled Hogg: What is not to day may be to morrow; and thus is Life hurried about, so help me Hercules, a Country is said not to be the better that it has many People in it, tho' ours at present labours under that difficulty, but it is no fault of hers: We must not be so nice, Heaven is equally distant every where; were you in another place you'd say Hogs walked here ready dress'd: And now I think on't, we shall have an excellent show these Holy-days, a Fencing-Prize exhibited to the People; not of Slaves bought for that purpose, but most of them Free-men. Our Patron Titus has a large Soul, but a very Devil in his Drink, and cares not a straw which side gets the better: I think I should know him, for I belong to him; he's of a right breed both by Father and Mother, no Mongril. They are well provided with Weapons, and will fight it out to the last: the Theatre will look like a Butchers Shambles, and he has wherewithal to do it; his Father left him a vast Sum, and let him make Ducks and Drakes with it never so much,

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the Estate will bear it, and he always carries the reputation of it. He has his Waggon Horses, a Woman-Carter, and Glyco's Steward, who was taken a-bed with his Mistress; what a busle's here between Cuckolds and Cuckold-makers! But this Glyco a Money-Broker, condemned his Steward to fight with Beasts; and what was that but to expose himself for another? where lay the Servant's Crime, who perhaps was oblig'd to do what he did: She rather deserv'd to be brain'd, than the Bull that tossed her; but he that cannot come at the Arse, Thrashes at the Pack-Saddle: yet how could Glyco expect Hermogine's Daughter should make a good End? She'd have pared the Claws of a flying Kite; A Snake does not bring forth a Halter: Glyco might do what he would with his own; but it will be a Brand on him as long as he lives; nor can any thing but Hell blot it out; however, every Man's faults are his own. I perceive now what Entertainment Mammea is like to give us; he'll be at Twopence Charges for me and my Company; which if he does, he will pull Narbanus clean out of favour; for you must know, he'll live at the full height; yet in truth what good has he done us? He gave us a company of pittiful Sword-players, but so old and decrepid, that had you blown on them, they'd have fallen of themselves: I have seen many a better at a Funeral Pile; he would not be at the Charge of Lamps for them; you'd have taken them for Dunghil

Cocks fighting in the dark; one was a downright Fool, and withal Gouty; another Crump-footed, and a third half dead, and Hamstrung: There was one of them a Thracian, that made a Figure, and kept up to the Rule of Fighting; but upon the whole matter, all of them were parted, and nothing came of this great block-headed Rabble, but a downright running away: And yet, said he, I made ye a Show, and I clap my hands for Company; but cast up the Account, I gave more than I received; one Hand rubs another. You Agamemnon seem to tell me what would that trouble some Fellow be at; because you that can speak, and do not, you are not of our Form, and therefore ridicule what poor Men say; tho', saving the repute of a Scholar, we know you are but a meer Fool. Where lies the matter then? let me persuade you to take a walk in the Country, and see our Cottage, you'll find somewhat to eat; a Chicken, some Eggs, or the like: The Tempestuous Season had like to have broke us all, yet we'll get enough to fill the Belly. Your Scholar, my Boy Cicero, is mightily improved. and if he lives, you'll have a Servant of him; he is pretty forward already, and whatever spare time he has, never off a Book: He's a witty Lad, well-featur'd, takes a thing without much study, tho' yet he be sickly: I killed three of his Linnets the other day, and told him the Weasels had eaten them; yet he found other things to play with, and has a pretty

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knack at Painting: He has a perfect aversion to Greek, but seems better inclined to Latin; tho' the Master he has now humours him in the other; nor can he be kept to one thing, but is still craving more, and will not take pains with any. There is also another of this sort, not much troubled with Learning, but very diligent, and teaches more than he knows himself: He comes to our House on Holidays, and whatever you give him he's contented; I therefore bought the Boy some Ruled Books, because I will have him get a smattering in Accounts and the Law; it will be his own another day: He has Learning enough already, but if he takes back to it again, I design him for a Trade, a Barber, a Parson, or a Lawyer, which nothing but the Devil can take from him: How oft have I told him, Thou art (Sirrah) my first begotten, and believe thy Father, whatever thou learnest 'tis all thy own: See there Philero the Lawyer, if he had not been a Scholar he might have starved; but now see what Trinkums he has about his Neck, and dares Nose Narbanus. Letters are a Treasure, and a Trade never dies."

Thus, or the like, we were bandying it about when Trimalchio return'd, and having wip'd the Slops from his Face, wash'd his Hands, and in a very little time, "Pardon me, my Friends," said he, "I have been costive for several days, and my Physicians were to seek about it, when a Suppository of Pomegranate

Wine, with the Liquor of a Pine-tree and Vinegar relieved me; and now I hope my Belly may be ashamed if it keep no better Order; for otherwise I have such a rumbling in my Guts, you'd think an Ox bellowed; and therefore if any of you has a mind, he need not blush for the matter; there's not one of us born without some defect or other, and I think no torment greater than wanting the benefit of going to stool, which is the only thing even Jupiter himself cannot prevent: And do you laugh, Fortunata, you that break me so often of my sleep by Nights; I never denyed any man do that in my Room might pleasure himself, and Physicians will not allow us to keep any thing in our Bodies longer than we needs must; or if ye have any farther occasion, every thing is ready in the next Room: Water, Chamber-pots, Close-stools, or whatever else ye may need; believe me, this being hard-bound, if it get into the Head, disturbs the whole Body; I have known many a Man lost by it, when they have been so modest to themselves as not to tell what they ailed."

We thank'd him for his freeness, and the Liberty he gave us, when yet to suppress our Laughter, we set the Glasses about again; nor did we yet know that in the midst of such dainties we were, as they say, to clamber another Hill; for the Cloth being again taken away, upon the next Musick were brought in Three fat Hogs with Collars and Bells about their Necks;

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and he that had the charge of them told us, the one was Two years old, the other Three, and the third full grown. I took it at first to have been a Company of Tumblers, and that the Hogs, as the manner is, were to have shewn us some Tricks in a Ring, till Trimalchio breaking my expectation, "Which of them," said he, "will ye have for Supper? for Cocks, Pheasants, and the like Trifles are but Country fare, but my Cooks have Coppers will boil a Calf whole"; and therewith commanding a Cook to be called for, he prevented our Choice by ordering him to kill the largest, and with a loud Voice, asked him, Of what rank of Servants in that House he was? to which he answering, of the fortieth: "Were you bought," said the other, "or born in my House?" "Neither," said the Cook, "but left you by Pansa's Testament." "See then," said Trimalchio, "that you dress it as it should be, or I'll send you to the Galleys." On which the Cook, advertised of his power, went into the Kitchin to mind his charge.

But Trimalchio turning to us with a pleasanter look, asked if the Wine pleased us, "if not," said he, "I'll have it changed, and if it does, let me see it by your drinking: I thank the Gods I do not buy it, but have everything that may get an Appetite growing on my own Grounds without the City, which no man that I know but my self has; and yet it has been taken for Tarracino and Taranto. I have a Project to joyn

Sicily to my Lands on the Continent, that when I have a mind to go into Africa, I may sail by my own Coasts. But prithee Agamemnon tell me what moot-point was it you argued to day; for tho' I plead no Causes my self, yet I have had a Share of Letters in my time; and that you may not think me sick of them now, have three Libraries, the one Greek, the other two Latin; therefore as you love me tell me what was the State of the Question:" "The Poor and the Rich are Enemies," said Agamemnon: "And what is Poor," answered Trimalchio? "Spoke like a Gentleman," replied Agamemnon. But making nothing of the matter, "If it be so," said Trimalchio, "where lies the Dispute? And if it be not so, 'tis nothing."

While we all humm'd this and the like stuff, "I beseech ye," said he, "my dear Agamemnon, do you remember the Twelve Labours of Hercules, or the Story of Ulysses, how a Cyclop put his Thumb out of Joint with a Mawkin? I read such things in Homer when I was a Boy; nay, saw my self the Sybil of Curna hanging in a Glass Bottle: And when the Boys asked her, 'Sybil, what wouldst thou?' She answered, 'I would Die.'"

He had not yet run to the end of the Rope, when an over-grown Hog was brought to the Table. We all wondered at the quickness of the thing, and swore a Capon could not be dress'd in the time; and that the

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more, because the Hog seemed larger than was the Boar, we had a little before: When Trimalchio looking more intent upon him, "What, what," said he, "are not his Guts taken out? No, (so help me Hercules) they are not! Bring hither, bring hither this Rogue of a Cook." And when he stood hanging his Head before us, and said, he was so much in haste he forgot it. "How, forgot it," cry'd out Trimalchio! "Do ye think he has given it no Seasoning of Pepper and Cummin? Strip him:" When in a trice 'twas done, and himself set between two Tormentors: However, we all interceded for him, as a fault that might now and then happen, and therefore beg'd his pardon; but if he ever did the like, there was no one would speak for him; tho' for my part, I think he deserved what he got: And so turning to Agamemnon's Ear, "This Fellow," said I, "must be a naughty Knave; could any one forget to Bowel a Hog? I would not (so help me Hercules) have forgiven him if he had served me so with a single Fish." But Trimalchio it seems, had somewhat else in his Head; for falling a laughing, "You," said he, "that have so short a Memory, let's see if you can do it now." On which, the Cook having gotten his Coat again, took up a Knife, and with a feigned trembling, ripp'd up the Hog's Belly long and thwart, when immediately its own weight tumbled out a heap of Hogs-Puddings and Sausages.

After this, as it had been done of it self, the Family gave a Shout, and cry'd out, "Health and Prosperity to Caius!" The Cook also was presented with Wine, a Silver Coronet, and a drinking Goblet, on a broad Corinthian Plate: which Agamemnon more narrowly viewing; "I am," said Trimalchio, "the only Person that has the true Corinthian Vessels."

I expected, that according to the rest of his haughtiness, he would have told us they had been brought him from Corinth: But he better: "And perhaps," said he, "you'll ask me why I am the only Person that have them. And why, but the Copper-Smith from whom I buy them, is called Corinthus? And what is Corinthian but what is made by Corinthus? But that ye may not take me for a Man of no Sence, I understand well enough whence the word first came. When Troy was taken, Hannibal, a cunning Fellow, but withal mischeivous, made a Pile of all the Brazen, Gold and Silver Statues, and burnt them together, and thence came this mixt Metal; which Workmen afterwards carried off; and of this Mass made Platters, Dishes, and several other things; so that these Vessels are neither this nor that Metal, but made of all of them. Pardon me what I say; however others may be of another mind, I had rather have Glass Ware; and if it were not so subject to breaking, I'd reckon it before Gold; but now it is of no esteem.

"There was a Copper-Smith that made Glass

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Vessels of that pliant hardness, that they were no more to be broken than Gold and Silver ones: It so happened, that having made a Drinking-pot, with a wide Mouth of that kind, but the finest Glass, fit for no Man, as he thought, less than Cæsar himself; he went with his Present to Cæsar, and had admittance: The kind of the Gift was praised, the hand of the Workman commended, and the design of the Giver accepted. He again, that he might turn the admiration of the beholders into astonishment, and work himself the more into the Emperor's favour, pray'd the Glass out of the Emperor's hand; and having received it, threw it with such a force against the Paved Floor, that the most solid and firmest Metal could not but have received some hurt thereby. Cæsar also was no less amazed at it, than concerned for it; but the other took up the Pot from the Ground, not broken but bulg'd a little; as if the substance of Metal had put on the likeness of a Glass; and therewith taking a Hammer out of his Pocket, he hammer'd it as it had been a Brass Kettle, and beat out the Bruise: And now the Fellow thought himself in Heaven, in having, as he fansied, gotten the acquaintance of Cæsar, and the admiration of all: But it fell out quite contrary: Cæsar asking him if any one knew how to make this Malleable Glass but himself? And he answering, there was not, the Emperor commanded his Head to be struck off: 'For,' said he, 'if this Art were once

known, Gold and Silver will be of no more esteem than Dirt.’

“ And for Silver, I more than ordinarily affect it: I have several Water-pots more or less, whereon is the Story how Cassandra killed her Son’s, and the dead Boys are so well Embossed, you’d think them real. I have also a drinking Cup left me by an Advocate of mine, where Dædalus puts Niobe into the Trojan Horse, as also that other of Hermerotes; that they may stand as a Testimony, there’s truth in Cups, and all this Massy; nor will I part with what I understand of them at any rate.”

While he was thus talking, a Cup dropt out of a Boy’s hand; on which, Trimalchio looking over his Shoulder at him, bad him begone, and kill himself immediately; “ for,” said he, “ thou art careless and mind’st not what thou art about.” The Boy hung his Lip, and besought him; but he said, “ What! dost thou beseech me, as if I required some difficult matter of thee? I only bid thee obtain this of thy self, that thou be not careless again ”; But at last he discharged him upon our entreaty. On this the Boy run round the Table and cry’d, “ Water without doors, and Wine within.” We all took the Jest, but more especially Agamemnon, who knew on what account himself had been brought thither.

Trimalchio in the mean time hearing himself commended, drank all the merrier, and being within an

Ace of quite out, "Will none of you," said he, "invite my Fortunata to Dance? Believe me, there's no one leads a Country Dance better:" And with that, tossing his Hands round his Head, fell to act a Jack-Pudding; the Family all the while Singing, 'Youth it self, most exactly Youth it self;' and he had gotten into the middle of the Room, but that Fortunata whispered him, and I believe told him, such Gambols did not become his Gravity: Nor was there any thing more uneven to it self; for one while he turned to his Fortunata, and another while to his natural inclination: But what disturbed the pleasure of her Dancing, was his Notaries coming in; who, as they had been the Acts of a Common Council, read aloud:

'VII. of the Calends of August born in Trimalchio's manner of Cumanum, Thirty Boys and Forty Girls, brought from the Threshing-floor into the Granary, Five hundred thousand Bushels of Wheat. The same day broke out a Fire in a Pleasure-Garden that was Pompey's, first began in one of his Bayliffs Houses.'

"How's this," said Trimalchio: "when were those Gardens bought for me?" "The Year before," answered his Notary, "and therefore not yet brought to Account."

At this Trimalchio fell into a Fume; And "whatever Lands," said he, "shall be bought me hereafter, if I hear nothing of it in six Months, let them never,

I charge ye, be brought to any Account of mine." Then also were read the Orders of the Clerks of the Markets, and the Testaments of his Woodward, Rangers, and Park-keepers, by which they disinherited their Relations, and with ample praise of him, declare Trimalchio their Heir. Next that, the Names of his Bayliffs; and how one of them that made his Circuits in the Country, turned off his Wife for having taken her in Bed with a Barber; the Door-keeper of his Baths turn'd out of his Place; the Auditor found short in his Accounts, and the Dispute between the Grooms of his Chamber ended.

At last came in the Dancers on the Rope; and a gorbelly'd Blockhead standing out with a Ladder, commanded his Boy to hopp every Round singing, and dance a Jigg on the top of it, and then tumble through burning Hoops of Iron, with a Glass in his Mouth. Trimalchio was the only Person that admir'd it, but withal said, he did not like it; but there were two things he could willingly behold, and they were the Flyers on the high Rope, and Quails; and that all other Creatures and Shows were meer Gewgaws: "For," said he, "I bought once a Sett of Stroulers, and chose rather to make them Merry-Andrews than Comedians; and commanded my Bag-piper to Sing in Latin to them."

While he was Chattering all at this rate, a Boy chanced to stumble upon him, on which the Family

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gave a Shriek, the same also did the Guests; not for such a Beast of a Man, whose Neck they could willingly have seen broken, but for fear the Supper should break up ill, and they be forc'd to wail the death of the Boy.

Whatever it were, Trimalchio gave a deep Groan; and leaning upon his Arm as if it had been hurt, the Physicians ran thick about him, and with the first, Fortunata, her Hair about her Ears, a Bottle of Wine in her Hand, still howling, miserable unfortunate Woman that she was! Undone, undone. The Boy on the other hand, ran under our Feet, and beseeched us to procure him a Discharge: But I was much concern'd, lest our Interposition might make an ill end of the matter; for the Cook that had forgotten to Bowel the Hog was still in my thoughts. I began therefore to look about the Room, for fear somewhat or other might drop through the Cieling; while the Servant that had bound up his Arm in white, not Scarlet-colour Flannen, was soundly beaten: Now was I much out, for instead of another Course, came in an order of Trimalchio's. by which he gave the Boy his Freedom; that it might not be said, so Honourable a Person had been hurt by his Slave. We all commended the action, but chatted among our selves with what little consideration the things of this World were done. "You're in the right," said Trimalchio; "nor ought this Accident to pass without Booking;" and

so calling for the Journal, commanded it to be Entered; and with, as little thought, tumbled out these Verses:

“ What’s least expected falls into our Dish,
And Fortune’s more indulgent than our Wish:
Therefore, Boy, fill the generous Wine about.”

This Epigram gave occasion to talk of the Poets, and Marsus, the Trachian, carry’d the Bays a long while: till Trimalchio (turning to some Wit amongst them) “ I beseech ye, Master of mine,” said he, “ tell me what difference take ye between Cicero the Orator, and Publius the Poet? for my part I think one was more Eloquent, the other the honestest Man; for what could be said better than this.”

“ Now sinking Rome grows weak with Luxury,
To please her appetite cram’d Peacocks die:
Their gaudy Plumes a modish Dress supply.

For her the Guinea Hen and Capon’s drest:
The Stork it self for Rome’s luxurious Taste,
Must in a Caldron build its humbl’d Nest.

That foreign, friendly, pious, long-leg’d thing,
Grateful, that with shrill sounding notes dost sing
All Winter’s gone; yet ushers in the Spring.

Why in one Ring must three rich Pearls be worn,
But that your Wives th’ exhausted Seas adorn,
Abroad t’ increase their Lust, at home their Scorn?

Why is the costly Emerald so desir’d,
Or richer glittering Carbuncle admir’d,
Because they sparkle, is’t with that you’re fir’d?

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Well, Honesty's a Jewel. Now none knows
A modest Bride from a kept Whore by 'er Cloaths;
For Cobweb Lawns both Spouse and Wench expose."

"But, now we talk after the rate of the Learned, which," said he, "are the most difficult Trades? I think a Physician and a Banker: a Physician, because he knows a Man's very heart, and when the Fits of an Ague will return; tho' by the way, I hate them mortally; for by their good will I should have nothing but Slubber-slops: And a Banker, because he'll find out a piece of Brass Money, tho' plated with Silver.

"There are also brute Beasts, Sheep and Oxen, laborious in their kind: Oxen, to whom we are beholding for the Bread we eat; and Sheep, for the Wooll, that makes us so fine. But O horrid! we both eat the Mutton, and make us warm with the Fleece. I take the Bees for Divine Creatures; they give us Honey, tho' 'tis said they stole it from Jupiter, and that't the reason why they Sting: For where-ever ye meet any thing that's sweet, you'll ever find a Sting at the end of it."

He also excluded Philosophers from business, while the Memoirs of the Family were carrying round the Table, and a Boy, set for that purpose, read aloud the Names of the Presents, appointed for the Guests, to carry home with them Wicked Silver, what can it not? Then a Gammon of Bacon was set on the Table,

and above that several sharp Sauces, a Night-Cap for himself, Pudding-Pies, and I know not what kind of Birds: There was also brought in a Rundlet of Wine, boiled off a third part, and kept under Ground to preserve its strength: There were also several other things I can give no account of; besides Apples, Scallions, Peaches, a Whip, a Knife, and what had been sent him; as Sparrows, a Flye-flap, Raisons, Attick Honey, Night-Gowns, Judges Robes, dry'd Paste, Table-Books, with a Pipe and a Foot-stool: After which came in an Hare and a Sole-Fish: And there was further sent him a Lamprey, a Water-Rat, with a Frog at his Tail, and a bundle of Beets.

Long time we smiled at these, and five hundred the like, that have now slipt my Memory: But now when Ascyntos, who could not moderate himself, held up his hands and laught at every thing; nay so downright, that he was ready to cry: A Free-man of Trimalchio's that sate next above me, grew hot upon't; and "what," said he, "thou Sheep, what dost thou laugh at? does not this Sumptuousness of my Master please you? you're richer (forsooth) and eat better every day; so may the Guardian of this place favour me, as had I sate near him, I'd hit him a Box on the Ear ere this: A hopeful Cullion, that mocks others; some pitiful Night-walker, not worth the very Urine he makes; and should I throw mine on him, knows not where to dry himself. I am not (so help me Hercules)

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quickly angry, yet Worms are bred even in tender Flesh. He laughs! what has he to laugh at? what Wooll did his Father give for the Bantling? Is he a Roman Knight? I am the Son of a King. How came I then, you'll say, to serve another? I did it of my self, and had rather be a Citizen of Rome, than a Tributary King, and now hope to live so, as to be no man's Jeast. I walk like other Men, with an open Face, and can shew my Head among the best, for I owe no Man a Groat; I never had an Action brought against me, or said to me on the Exchange, Pay me what thou owest me. I bought some acres in the Country, and have everything suitable to it: I feed twenty mouths, besides Dogs: I ransomed my Bond-Woman, lest another should wipe his Hands on her Smock; and between our selves, she cost me more than I'll tell ye at present. I was made a Captain of Horse gratis, and hope so to die, that I shall have no occasion to blush in my Grave: But art thou so prying into others, that thou never considerest thy self? Canst thou spy a Louse on another Man's Coat, and not see the Tyck on thy own? Your Master then is ancients than your self, and 't please him; but yet thou, whose Milk is not yet out of thy Nose; that can't not say Boh to a Goose; must you be making Observations? Are you the wealthier Man? If you are, Dine twice, and Sup twice; for my part, I value my Credit more than Treasures: Upon the whole

matter, where's the Man that ever dunn'd me twice? Thou Pipkin of a Man, more limber, but nothing better than a Strap of wet Leather, I have served forty Years in this House, came into it with my Hair full grown; this Palace was not then built, yet I made it my business to please my Master, a Person of Honour, the parings of whose Nails are more worth than thy whole Body. I met several rubs in my way, but by the help of my good Angel, I broke through them all: This is truth; it is as easie to make a Hunting-Horn of a Sow's Tail, as to get into this Company. What make ye in a Dump now, like a Goat at a heap of Stones?"

On this Gito, who stood behind him, burst out a laughing; which the other taking notice of, fell upon the Boy; and, "Do you," said he, "laugh too, you curl-pated chattering Magpye? O the Saturnals! Why how now, Sirrah! is it the Month of December? When were you Twenty, I pray? What would this Collop dropt from the Gibbet, this Crows-meat, be at? I'll find some or other way for Jupiter to plague thee, and him that bred thee no better, or never let me eat a good Meals-meat again: I could, Sirrah, but for the Companies sake, I spare thee; tho' either we understand not aright, or they are Sots themselves that carry no better a hand over thee; for without doubt it is true, Like Master like Man. I am hot by nature, and can scarce contain my self; give me but a mess

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of Pease-Porridge, and I care not two-pence for my Mother. Very well, I shall meet thee abroad, thou Mouse; nay, rather Mole-Hill. May I never thrive more, but I'll drive that Master of thine into a blade of Rue; nor shalt thou (so help me Hercules) 'scape me, tho' thou couldst call in Jupiter to thy aid: I shall off with those Locks, and take thee when that trifling Master of thine shall be out of the way; thou wilt certainly fall into my hands, and either I know not my self, or I'll make thee leave that Buffoonry: Tho' thy Beard were of Gold, I'll have thee bruised in a Mortar, and him that first taught thee: I never studied Geometry, Criticism, and meer words without sense, but I understand the fitting of Stones for Buildings; can run you over a hundred things, as to Metal, Weight, Coin, and that to a tittle; if you have a mind you and I will try it between us: I'll lay thee a Wager thou Wizard, and tho' I am wholly ignorant of Rhetorick, thou'lt presently see thou hast lost: Let no one run about the Bush to me; I come up to him: Resolve me, I say, 'which of us runs, yet stirs not out of his place: which of us grows bigger, and yet is less.' Do you scamper? Can't you tell what to make of it, that you look so like a Mouse in a Trap? Therefore either hold thy tongue, or don't provoke a better Man than thy self, who does not think thee fram'd of Nature, unless thou fansiest me taken with those yellow curl'd Locks, which thou hast already vowed

to some Whore or other. O lucky Opportunity! Come, let's walk the Exchange, and see which of us can take up Money: You'll be satisfied then, this Iron has Credit upon't; a pretty thing, is it not! a drunken Fox. So may I gain while I live, and die well; but the People will brain me if I follow not that Coat on thy back, which is not for thy wearing, where-ever thou goest: He's a precious tool too, whoever he were, that taught thee; a piece of green Cheese, no Master. I have learn'd as well as another Man, and my Master said it would be my own another day. Save your Worship! get home as fast as you can, but look well about you, and have a care how you speak irreverently of your betters, or vie Estates with them; he that does it, his Purse shall feel it: For my self, that you see me as I am, I thank my Stars for the Art I have."

Ascyltos was making answer to his Railing; when Trimalchio, pleased with that good Grace of speaking, "Go to," said he, "no more of this wild talk, let us rather be pleasant: And you Hermeros, bear with the Young-man, his Blood boils; be thou the soberer Man; he that is overcome in this matter, goes off Conqueror: Even thy self, when thou wert such another Capon, hadst nothing but Coco, Coco, and no heart at all. Let us therefore, which is the better of the two, be heartily Merry, and expect some admirers of Homer, that will be here presently."

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Nor were the words scarce out of his mouth, when in came a band of Men, and made a rustling with their Spears and Targets. Trimalchio leaned on his Pillow, the Homerists rattled out Greek verses, as, arrogantly enough, they were wont to do, and he read a Latin Book with a loud voice: whereupon Silence being made, "Know ye," said he, "what Fable they were upon?"

"Diomedes and Ganymede were two Brothers, and Helen was their Sister; Agamemnon stole him away, and sham'd Diana with a Hind in his room, as says Homer in this place; and how the Trojans and the Parentines fought among themselves; but at last he got the better of it, and married his Daughter Iphigenia to Achilles; on which Ajax run Mad. And there's an end of the Tale."

On this the Homerists set up a Shout, and a young boiled Heifer with an Helmet on her Head, was handed in upon a mighty Charger: Ajax followed, and with a drawn Sword, as if he were mad, made at it, now in one place, then in another, still acting a Morris-dancer; till having cut it into Joints, he took them upon the point of his Sword, and distributed them. Nor had we much time to admire the Conceit; for of a sudden the Roof gave a crack, and the whole Room shook: For my part, I got on my feet, but all in confusion, for fear some Tumbler might drop on my head; the same also were the rest of the Guests;

still gaping and expecting what new thing should come from the Clouds: when straight the main Beams opened, and a vast Circle was let down, all round which hung Golden Garlands, and Alabaster Pots of Sweet Ointments.

While we were required to take up these Presents, I chanced to cast an eye upon the Table, where there lay a fresh Service of Cheese-cakes and Tarts, and in the midst of them a lusty Rundlet, stuck round with all sorts of Apples and Grapes, as they commonly draw that Figure.

We greedily reached our Hands towards it, when of a sudden, a new Diversion gave us fresh Mirth; for all the Cheese-cakes, Apples and Tarts, upon the least touch, threw out a delicious liquid Perfume, which fell upon us.

We judging the Mess to be Sacred, that was so gorgeously set out, stood up and began a Health to the August Founder, the Father of his Country: After which Reverence, failing to catch that catch could, we filled our Napkins and I chiefly, who thought nothing too good for my Boy Gito.

During this, in came three Boys in White, their Coats tuck'd about them; of whom, two set on the Table three Household Gods with Broaches about their Necks, and the other bearing round us a Goblet of Wine, cry'd aloud, "Be the Gods Favourable!" "The Name of this," said he, "is Cobler, that other's

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Good-luck, and the third's Spend-all:” And as the Image of Trimalchio was carryed round, and every one kiss'd it, we thought it a shame not to do as the rest of the Company.

After this, when all of us had wished him Health and Happiness, Trimalchio, turning to Niceros, “ You were wont,” said he, “ to be a good Companion, but what's the matter we get not a word from ye now? Let me entreat ye, as you would see me Happy, do not break an old Custom.”

Niceros, pleased with the frankness of his Friend: “ Let me never thrive,” said he, “ if I am not ready to caper out of my Skin, to see you in so good a Humours; therefore what I say shall be all Mirth; tho' I am afraid those Grave Fopps may laugh: but let them look to 't, I'll go on nevertheless; for what am I the worse for any one Swearing? I had rather they laugh at what I say, than at my self.”

Thus when he spake—— ——he began this Tale:—

“ While I was yet a Servant we liv'd in a narrow Lane, now the House of Gavilla: There, as the Gods would have it, I fell in Love with Tarentius's Wife; he kept an Eating-house. Ye all knew Melissa Tarentina, a pretty little Punching-block, and withal Beautiful; but (so help me Hercules) I minded her not so much for the matter of the point of that, as that she was good-humour'd; if I asked her any thing,

she never deny'd me; and what Money I had, I trusted her with it; nor did she ever fail me when I'd occasion. It so happened, that a she-companion of hers had dy'd in the Country, and she was gone thither; how to come at her I could not tell; but a Friend is seen at a dead lift; it also happened my Master was gone to Capua to dispatch somewhat or other: I laid hold of the opportunity, and persuaded mine Host to take an Evenings Walk of four or five Miles out of Town, for he was a stout Fellow, and as bold as a Devil: The Moon shone as bright as Day, and about Cock-crowing we fell in with a Burying-place, and certain Monuments of the Dead: my Man loitered behind me a star-gazing, and I sitting expecting him, fell a Singing and numbering them; when looking round me, what should I see but mine Host stript stark-naked, and his Cloaths lying by the High-way-side. The sight struck me every where, and I stood as if I had been dead; but he Piss'd round his Cloaths, and of a sudden was turned to a Wolf: Don't think I jest; I value no Man's Estate at that rate, as to tell a Lye. But as I was saying, after he was turned to a Wolf, he set up a Howl, and fled to the Woods. At first I knew not where I was, till going to take up his Cloaths, I found them also turn'd to Stone. Another Man would have dy'd for fear, but I drew my Sword, and slaying all the Ghosts that came in my way, lighted at last on the place where my Mistress was: I entred

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the first Door; my eyes were sunk in my Head, the Sweat ran off me by more streams than one, and I was just breathing my last, without thought of recovery; when my Melissa coming up to me, began to wonder why I'd be walking so late; and 'if,' said she, 'you had come a little sooner, you might have done us a kindness; for a Wolf came into the Farm, and has made Butchers work enough among the Cattle; but tho' he got off, he has no reason to laugh, for a Servant of ours ran him through the Neck with a Pitch-fork.' As soon as I had heard her, I could not hold open my Eyes any longer, and ran home by Daylight, like a Vintner whose House had been robb'd: But coming by the place where the Cloaths were turned to Stone, I saw nothing but a Puddle of Blood; and when I got home, found mine Host lying a-bed like an Oxe in his Stall, and a Chirurgeon dressing his Neck. I understood afterwards he was a Fellow that could change his Skin; but from that day forward, could never eat a bit of Bread with him, no, if you'd have kill'd me. Let them that don't believe me, examine the truth of it; may your good Angels plague me as I tell ye a Lye."

The Company were all wondring, when, "Saving what you have said," quoth Trimalchio, "if there be faith in Man, my Hair stands on end, because I know Niceros is no Trifler; he's sure of what he says, and not given to talking: Nay, I'll tell ye as horrible a

thing my self; but see there, what's that behind the Hangings?

“ When I was yet a long-hair'd Boy, for even then I liv'd a pleasant Life, I had a Minion, and he dy'd: He was (so help me Hercules) a Pearl, a Paragon, nay Perfection it self: But when the poor Mother lamented him, and we also were doing the same, some witches got round the House on a sudden, you'd have taken them for Hounds hunting a Hare. We had then in the House a Cappadocian, a tall Fellow, stout and hardy, that would not have stept an inch out of his way for Jupiter. He boldly drew his Sword, and wrapping his Coat about his left Arm, leaped out of the House, and as it might be here, (no hurt to the thing I touch) ran a Woman clean through. We heard a pitiful Groan, but not to Lye, saw none of them. Our Champion came in and threw himself on a Bed, but all black and blue, so he had been trosh'd with Flails; for it seems some ill Hand had touched him. We shut the Door, and went on with our Mourning; but the Mother taking her Son in her Arms, and stroaking him, found nothing but a Bolster of Straw; it had neither Heart, Entrals, nor any thing, for the Fairies belike had stollen him out of his Cradle, and left that of Straw instead of him. Give me Credit, I beseech ye, Women are craftier than we are, play their Tricks by Night, and turn every thing Topsy-turvy. After this our tall Fellow never came to

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his Colour again, but in a few days died Raving-mad."

We all wondred, as not doubting what he said, and kissing the Table in reverence to him, pray'd the privilege of the Night, and that our Places might be kept till we returned.

And now we thought the Lamps look'd double, and the whole Room seem'd quite another thing, when Trimalchio again, "I speak to you Plorimus, won't you come in for a share? Will ye entertain us with nothing, thou usedst to be a pleasant Companion, couldst sing a Song and tell a Tale with the best; but Alas! alas! the Sweetmeats are gone." "My Horses," said the other, "ran away with my Coach, I have been troubled with the Gout ever since. When I was a young Fellow, I Sung so long I had well nigh brought my self into a Consumption. What do ye tell me of Songs, Tales, or Barbers Shops? Who ever came near me but one, only Apelles;" and with setting his Hand to his Mouth, Whistled out somewhat, I know not what, which afterwards he swore was Greek. Trimalchio also when he mimicked the Trumpets, looked on his Minion and called him Cræsus: Yet the Boy was blear-eye'd, and swathing up a little black Bitch with nasty Teeth, and overgrown with Fat, in Green Swadling-Clouts, he set half a Loaf on the Table, which she refusing, he cram'd her with it: on which Trimalchio commanded

the Guardian of his House and Family, Scylax, to be brought; when presently was led in a beautiful Mastiff in a Chain, who having a hint given him by a knock of the Porter's Foot, lay down before the Table: whereupon Trimalchio throwing him a Manchet; "There's no one," said he, "in this House of mine, loves me better than this Dog." The Boy taking it in dudgeon that Scylax should be so commended, laid the Bitch on the Floor, and challenged the Dog to have a Rubber with him. On this Scylax, after the manner of Dogs, set up such a hideous Barking, that it fill'd the Room; and snapping at him, almost rent off a Brooch that hung on Cræsus's Breast; nor did the Scuffle end here, for the great Candle being overturn'd on the Table, broke all the Chrystal Glasses, and threw the scalding Oil on the Guests.

Trimalchio, not to seem concerned at the loss, kissed the Boy, and commanded him to get on his Back; nor was it long e're he was a Cock-horse, and slapping his Masters Shoulders, and laughing, cry'd out, "Fool, fool, and how many of them have we here?"

Trimalchio thus kept under for a while, commanded a Bumper to be fill'd and given round to the Waiters, with this further, That whosoever refused it should have it poured down his Collar. Thus one while we were Grave, and other while Merry.

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After this came Junkets and made Dishes, the very remembrance of which, if I may be believed, will not yet down with me; for there were several cram'd Hens given about under the notion of Thrushes, and Goose Eggs with Caps upon them; which Trimalchio, nor without Ostentation press'd us to Eat; adding withal, that their Bones were taken out.

Nor were the words scarce out of his mouth, when a Beadle rapp'd at the Door, and one in White, with a Company of Roisters following him, came in upon us: For my part I was not a little surprized; and by his Lordliness taking him for the Mayor of a Town, and our selves within his Liberties, was getting upon my Feet. Agamemnon laught to see me so concerned, and bade me sit still; "for," said he, "this Habinius is a Captain of Horse, a good Mason, and has a special faculty in making Monuments."

Recovered again with his words, I kept my Seat, and wholly fix'd my Eye on Habinius: He came in Drunk, and lolling on his Wife's Shoulders, with some Garlands about him, his Face all trickling down with Ointment, he seated himself at the head of the Table, and incontinently called for Wine and hot Water.

Trimalchio was pleased with the Humour, and calling for a bigger Glass, asked him what Entertainment he had whence he came?

"Every thing," said the other, "but thy self; for my inclination was here; tho' (so help me Hercules)

it was all well. Scissa kept a Nine-days Feast for his Servant Miscellus, whom he enfranchised after he was dead: It is said he had a round Sum in the Chequer, for they reckon he died worth 50000 Sesterces; yet this was all done in good order; tho' every one of us were obliged to pour half his Drink on the Grave."

"But," said Trimalchio, "what had ye to Eat?" "I'll tell ye," quoth Habinas, "as near as I can, for my Memory is not so good, but that sometimes I forget my own Name: However, for the first Dish we had a goodly Porker, with a Garland upon him, and Puddings, Goose Giblets, Lamb-stones, Sweetbreads, and Gizzards round him; there were also Beets and Houshold-Bread of his own baking, for himself, which I would rather have than White; it makes a Man strong, and I never complain of what I like. The next was a cold Tart, with excellent warm Honey, and that Spanish, running upon it. I eat little of the Tart, but more of the Honey; I tasted also the red Pulse, and Lupines, by the advice of Calvus, and several Apples, of which I took away two in my Handkerchief: for if I bring home nothing to my little she Slave, I shall have Snubs enough: this Dame of mine puts me often in mind of her. We had also on a Side-Table the Haunch of a Bear, which Scintilla tasting ere she was aware, had like to have thrown up her Guts: I on the other hand eat a pound of it or better, for methought it tasted like Boars flesh; and

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said I, if a Bear eats a Man, why may not a Man much more eat a Bear? To be short, we had Cream Cheese, Wine boil'd off to a third part, fry'd Snails, Chitterlings, Livers, Eggs, Turneps, Mustard, and a Bowl that held a Gallon. Don't disturb me, Palamedes; there were also handled about a Basket of Sugar-Cakes, of which we wantonly took some, and sent away the Gammon of Bacon. But tell me Caius, I beseech you, what's the matter that Fortunata sits not among us?" "How came you to know her?" quoth Trimalchio; "for till she has gotten her Plate together, and distributed what we leave among the Servants, not a sip of any thing goes into her mouth."

"But unless she sits down," replied Habinas, "I'll be gone;" and was getting up, but that the word being four times given about for her, she came at last in a greenish Gown and a Cherry-colour'd Stomacher, beneath which might be seen her Petticoat and Embroidered Garters; then wiping her Hands on her Neckcloth, she sate on that Bed whereon Scintilla the wife of Habinas was; and having given her a Kiss, told her it was in Compliment to her that she was there. At length it came to this, that she took off her weighty Bracelets, and shewed them to Scintilla; which she admiring, she also unbuckled her Garters and a Net-work Purse, which she said was of the finest Gold.

Trimalchio observed it, and commanding all to be

laid before him, "See," said he, "this Womans Finery, and what Fools our Wives make us; they should be Six Pound and a half; yet I've another of Mercury's making, that weighs Ten:" And that he might not be thought to tell a Lye, called for his Gold Scales, and commanded them to be weighed: Nor had Scintilla more Wit than t'other, for pulling a Golden Box out of her Bosom, which she called Good luck, she took out of it two large Pearl Pendants, giving them in like manner to Fortunata to view: "See," quoth she, "what 'tis to have a kind Husband, I am sure no Woman has better." "What," said Habinas, "hast thou put the Sham on me? thou toldst me thou couldst be contented with Glass Beads; and for this trick, if I had a Daughter I'd cut off her Ears; tho' were there no Women what were the rest worth? This is to piss warm and drink cold."

Mean time the Women perceiving they were toucht, twitter'd among themselves, and being got Drunk, fell to kissing one another; one commended the Mistress of the House, t'other the Master: when during this chatter, Habinas stealing behind Fortunata, gave her such a toss on the Bed, that her Heels flew as high as her Head, on which she gave a squeak or two, and finding her Thighs bare, ran her Head under Scintilla's Smock.

This held a while, till Trimalchio calling for a second Service to entertain his new Guests, the

Servants took away the Tables that were before us, and having brought others, strew'd the Room with Pin-dust, mixt with Vermillion and Saffron; and what I never saw before, the Dust of a Looking-glass ground to Powder.

When immediately, quoth Trimalchio, "I could have been contented with those first Dishes; but since we have got other Tables, we must also have another Service; and if there be any thing worth our having, bring it."

On which, a spruce Boy that served us with warm Water, began to imitate a Nightingale; till Trimalchio giving the word, a Servant that waited on Habinas, set up another Humour, and, as I believe, commanded by his Master, nois'd out;

"Mean time Æneas had put off to Sea."

Nor was there ever a harsher sound yet pierced my Ears; for besides his disordered Country Tone, his pitiful and starvling way of delivery, he so stufft it with scraps of Verses, that even Virgil then first disrelished me; till at last so tyr'd, that he could hold no longer; "D'ye think," said Habinas, "this Boy has learn'd nothing? I bred him with Juglers that follow the Fair: Nor has he his Fellow, whether he humours a Muliteer or a Jester. This never-be-good has abundance of Wit; he's a Taylor, a Cook, a Baker, a Jack of all Trades, and but for two faults, were exact to a hair: He's crack-brain'd, and snores in his sleep:

For that cast of his Eye I value it not, he looks like Venus, and therefore his Tongue is ever running; and were that Eye out he were worth the Money I gave for him."

On which Scintilla interrupting him, told him he was a naughty Man, for not telling all his Servants good qualities: "He's a Pimp," said he, "if not worse, but I'll take care he be branded for that."

Trimalchio laugh'd, and said he knew he was a Cappadocian that never beguiled himself of any thing, and "(so help me Hercules) I commend him for 't: when will you find such another, but Scintilla, you must not be jealous! Believe me, and I know you too; may I so enjoy the health you wish me, as I play'd at Leap-frog so long with our Boy, that my Master grew jealous, and sent me to Dig in the Country: But hold thy tongue and I'll give thee a Loaf."

Hereupon the Rascal, as if he had been praised all this while, took out an Earthen Candlestick, and for half an hour or better, counterfeited the Hautboys, Habinas Singing the Base to him, and blabbering his under Lip with his Finger; that done, he went into the middle of the Room, and clattering some Canes together, one while imitated the Bagpipes, and danced a Jigg to it; and other while with a ragged Frock and a Whip, humour'd a Fellow driving his Mules; till Habinas having called him, first kiss'd him, and then

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drank to him, which the other pledged; and wishing him better and better, I give you, said he, a pair of Buskins.

Nor had there ever been an end of this Trumpery, had not that last Service of Blackbirds, baked in good Pie-Crust with Raisins and Chessnuts, been brought up, and after them Quince-Peaches, so stuck with prickles, that they look'd like Hedgehogs: Yet this might have been born with, if the next Dish had not been such, that we had rather have starved than touch'd it: For when it was set upon the Table, and as we thought, a fat Goose, with Fishes and all kind of Fowl round it, whatever you see here, said Trimalchio is all made of the same substance.

I, like a cunning Cur, straight apprehended what it might be; and turning to Agamemnon, "I marvel," said I, "whether they be all mash'd together or made of Loam; for in a Saturnal at Rome, my self saw the like imaginary shew of a Supper."

Nor had I scarce said it, when—quoth Trimalchio, "let me so grow in Estate, not Bulk, as my Cook made all of this out of one Hog; there is not an excellenter Fellow than himself; he shall, if he please, make ye a Poll of Ling of a Sows Tripe; a Wood-Culver of fat Bacon; a Turtle of a Spring of Pork; and a Hen of a Collar of Brawn; and therefore of my own fancy, I gave him a Name proper to him, for he is called Dædalus: And because he understands his business, I had Chopping-Knives of the best Steel brought him

from Rome;” and with that, calling for them, he turn’d them over, and admiring them, offered us the liberty of trying their Edge on his Cheek.

On this came in two Servants as quarrelling about their Collars, at which each of them had a large Earthen Pot hanging; and when Trimalchio determined the matter between them, neither of them stood to his Sentence, but fell to Club-Law, and broke each others Pots.

This Drunken Presumption put us out of order; yet casting an eye on the Combatants, we saw Oysters and Scallops running from the Pots, and another Boy receiving them in a Charger, which he carried round the Guests.

Nor was the Cook’s Ingenuity short of the rest, for he brought us a Dish of grill’d Snails on a Silver Gridiron, and with a shrill unpleasant Voice, Sang as he went. I am ashamed of what follow’d; for, what was never heard of till then, the Boys came in with a Bason of liquid Perfumes, and first binding our Legs Ancles and Feet, with Garlands, anointed them with it, and put the rest into the Wine Vessel and the Lamps.

And now Fortunata began to Dance, and Scintilla’s Hands went faster than her Tongue; when, quoth Trimalchio, “Sit down Philargyrus, I give ye leave, and you Carrio, because you are a Green-Ribbon-Man, and you Minophilus bid your Comrade do the like;” what shall I say more? The Family so crowded upon us, that we were almost thrust off our Beds; and who

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should be seated above me, but the Cook who had made a Goose of a Hog, all stinking of Pickle and Kitchen-stuff; nor yet content that he sate amongst us, he fell immediately to personate Thespis the Tragedian, and dare his Master to a Wager which of them two should win the Prize next Wrestling.

Trimalchio abash'd at the Challenge; "My Friends," said he, "even Servants are Men; and however oppress'd by ill luck, sucked the same Milk our selves did; and for mine, it shall not be long e're I make them Free without prejudice to my self: to be short, I enfranchise all of them by my last Will and Testament."

"I give Philargus a Country Farm, and his she-Comrade; to Carrio an Island, with a twentieth part of my Moveables, a Bed and its Furniture; for I make Fortunata my Heiress, whom I recommend to all my Friends, and publish what I have done, to the end my Family may so love me now, as if I were dead."

All thanked their Master for his kindness; and he, as having forgotten trifles, called for a Copy of his Will, which he read from one end to the other, the Family all the while sighing and sobbing; afterwards turning to Habinas, "Tell me, my best of Friends," said he, "do you go on with my Monument as I directed ye, I earnestly entreat ye, that at the Feet of my Statue you Carve me my little Bitch, as also Garlands and Ointments, and all the Battles I have

been in, that by your kindness I may live when I am dead: Be sure too that it have an hundred Feet as it fronts the Highway, and as it looks towards the Fields two hundred: I will also, that there be all sorts of Fruit and Vines round my Ashes, and that in great abundance: For it is a gross mistake to furnish Houses for the Living, and take no care of those we are to abide in for ever: And therefore in the first place, I will have it Engraven—

‘LET NO HEIR OF MINE PRETEND TO THIS
MONUMENT.

“And that I may receive no injury after I am dead, I’ll have a Codicil annext to my Will, whereby I’ll appoint one of my Freed-men the Keeper of this Monument, that the People make not a House-of-Office of it. Make me also, I beseech you, on this my Monument, Ships under full Sail, and my self in my Robes sitting on the Bench, with five Gold Rings on my Fingers, and scattering Moneys among the common People; for you know I have ordered ye a Funeral Feast, and Two-pence a-piece in Money. You shall also, if you think fit, shape me some of these Beds we now sit on, and all the People making their Court to me. On my right hand place my Fortunata’s Statue, with a Dove in one hand, and leading a little Dog in her Girdle with the other: As also my Cicero, and large Wine Vessels close Cork’d that the Wine don’t run out, and yet Carve

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one of them as broken, and a Boy weeping over it; as also a Sun-Dial in the middle, that whoever comes to see what's a-Clock, may read my name whether he will or no. And lastly, have a special consideration whether you think this Epitaph sufficient enough:

‘HERE RESTS CAIUS POMPEIUS TRIMALCHIO, PATRON OF THE LEARNED. A TROOP OF HORSE WAS DECREED HIM, WITHOUT SUING FOR, AND MIGHT HAVE BEEN A SENATOR WOULD HE HAVE ACCEPTED IT. A PIOUS MAN, HONEST, VALIANT, AND TRUE TO HIS FRIEND. HE RAISED HIMSELF FROM LITTLE OR NOTHING, BUT LEFT BEHIND HIM A PRODIGIOUS ESTATE, YET NEVER HEARD A PHILOSOPHER. FAREWELL TO YOU ALSO.’”

This said, Trimalchio wept plentifully, Fortunata wept, Habinas wept, and the whole Family set up a cry as it had been his Funeral; nay, I also whin'd for Company: when, quoth Trimalchio, “Since you know we must die, why don't we live while we may? so let me live my self to see you happy; as, if we plunge our selves in the Bath we shall not repent it: At my peril be it; I'll lead the way, for this Room is grown as hot as an Oven.” “Say you so,” quoth Habinas, “nor am I afraid to make two days of one;” and therewith got up barefoot and follow'd Trimalchio.

I on the other hand turning to Ascyrtos, asked him what he thought of it, for “if I but see the Bath I shall swoon away.”

“Let’s lagg behind then,” said he, “and whilst they are getting in, we’ll slip off in the Crowd.”

The contrivance pleased us; and so Gito leading the way through the Portico, we came to the last Gate, where a chained Dog bolted upon us so furiously, that Ascylos fell into the Fish-Pond. I, who had been frighted at the Painted Dog, and now gotten as Drunk as Ascylos, while I endeavoured to get hold of him, fell in my self; at last the Porter’s coming in saved us, for he quieted the Dog and drew us out; but Gito, like a sharp Rascal, delivered himself, for whatever had been given him at Supper to carry home with him, he threw it the Dog, and that mollified him.

But, when shivering with cold, we desired the Porter to let us out: “You’re mistaken,” said he, “if ye think to go out the same way ye came in, for no Guest ere yet did; they came in at one Gate and are let out by another”

In this sad pickle, what should we do? we found ourselves in a new kind of Labyrinth, and for bathing, we’d enough of it already: However, necessity enforcing us, we pray’d him to show us the way to the Bath: and Gito having hung out our Cloaths a drying in the Porch, we entred the Bath, which was somewhat narrow, and sunk in the Earth, not unlike a Rain-water Cistern; in this stood Trimalchio stark-naked: Nor could we avoid his filthy tricks; for he said, nothing was better than to bathe in a Crowd; and

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that every place had in times past been a Grinding-house. Being weary at length, he sate down, and provok'd by the noisiness of the Bath, set up his drunken Throat, and fell a murdering some Songs of Menecrates, as they that understood him told us.

Other Guests ran round the Cistern with their Arms across, and made a clamorous slap with their Mouths; others either try'd to take up a Ring from the Pavement, with their Hands bound behind them, or putting one Knee to the ground, to kiss their great Toes backward.

While they thus entertained one another, we went into the Hot-house that had been heated for Trimalchio; and being now recovered of our Drunkenness, were brought into another Room, where Fortunata had set out a fresh Entertainment. Above the Lamps I observed some Womens Gewgaws. The Tables were Massy Silver, the Earthen Ware double gilt, and a Conduit running with Wine; when, quoth Trimalchio, "This day, my Friends, a Servant of mine opened a Barber's Shop; he's well to pass, a thrifty Fellow, and a favourite of mine: Come, let the Floor have a drink as well as our selves; and for our part, we'll sit to it till day-light."

While he was yet speaking, a Cock crow'd, at which Trimalchio grew disordered, and commanded the Wine to be thrown under Table, and sprinkle the Lamps with it; then changing a Ring to his right Hand, "it

is not for nothing," said he, "this Trumpeter has given us notice; for either the House should be on fire, or one of the Neighbourhood will kill himself: Far from us be it, and therefore, whoever brings me this discoverer, I'll give him a reward."

When immediately a Cock was brought in, and Trimalchio, commanding to have him drest, he was torn in pieces by that exquisite Cook, who a little before had make us Fish and Fowl of a Hog, and put in a Stew-pan, and while Dædalus was taking a lusty draught, Fortunata ground Pepper.

After which Trimalchio taking some of the Banquet, bid the Waiters go to Supper, and let others supply their places.

Whereupon came in another rank of Servants, and as the former going cry'd out, "Farewell, Caius," those coming in cry'd out, "Sit thou merry, Caius."

And here our Mirth first began to be disturb'd; for a beautiful Boy coming in among those new Servants, Trimalchio plucked the Boy to him, and did nothing but kiss him over and over: Whereupon Fortunata to maintain her right, began to rail at Trimalchio, called him pitiful Fellow, one that could not bridle his Lust, shame and dishonour to an honest Woman, and a very Dog. Trimalchio on the other hand, all confounded and vex'd at her Taunts, threw a Goblet at her Head: She fell a roaring as if she had lost an Eye, and clapt both her Hands before it.

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Scintilla also stood amazed, and covered Fortunata all trembling as she was, in her Bosom; the Boy also put a cold Pitcher to her Cheek, on which she leaned and made a lamentable wailing and blubbing.

But Trimalchio quite contrary; “for,” said he, “what am I the better for this graceless Buttock? ’Tis well known I took her out of a Bawdy-house, and made her an honest Woman, but now blown up like a Frog she bespatters herself; a very Block, no Woman: But this poor Boy born in a Hovel, never dreams of Palaces. May my good Genius so befriend me, as I’ll bring down this seeming Saint, but in her actions a Whore rampant: As inconsiderable as she makes me, I might have had a Wife with Two hundred and fifty Pistols; you know I don’t Lye; but she was somewhat in years, and Agatho the sweet oil-man, persuaded me not to let my Name run out, when instead of doing good to her, I have put a Thorn in my own Foot: but I’ll have a care that she dig me not out of my Grave with her Nails: And that she may know what I’ll do at present, I will not, Habinas, have you put her Statue in my Monument, that I have no words with her when I am dead: Nay, that she may know I am able to plague her, she shall not so much as kiss me when I die.” After this ratling, Habinas entreated him to give over his anger; “There’s none of us all,” said he, “but some time or other does amiss; we are but Men, not Gods.”

Weeping Scintilla said the same, called him Caius, and by his own good nature, besought him to be pacified.

Trimalchio not able to hold Tears any longer, “I beg of you, Habinas,” said he, “and as you wish to enjoy what you have gotten, if I have done any thing without cause, spit in my Face: I kiss’d the Boy ’tis true, not for his Beauty, but that he’s a hopeful thrifty Lad: He has several sentences by heart, can read a Book at first sight; saves Money out of his days Provision; has a Binn of his own to keep it, and two drinking Cups; and does he not deserve to be in my Eye? but Fortunata, forsooth, will not have it so; your bandy Legs won’t away with it. Be content with your own, thou she-Kite, and don’t disquiet me, thou Harlotry, or otherwise thou’lt find what I am; thou knowest well enough, if I once set on’t, ’tis immoveable. But we’ll remember the living.

“Come my Friends, let’s see how Merry ye can be, for in my time I have been no better than your selves, but by my own industry I am what I am: ’Tis the Heart makes a Man, all the rest is but stuff. I buy cheap and sell dear; another Man may sell ye other things, but I enjoy my self; and thou Dunghill-raker, are thou yet gruntling, I’ll make ye hereafter do it for somewhat.

“But as I was saying my Frugality brought the fortune I have: I came out of Asia no taller than this Candlestick, and daily measured my self by it:

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and that I might get a Beard the sooner, rubb'd my Lips with the Candle-Grease; yet I kept Ganymede to my Master fourteen years (nor is any thing dishonourable that the Master commands) and the same time contented my Mistress: Ye know what I mean, I'll say no more, for I am no boaster. By this means, as the Gods would have it, the Governing the House was committed to me, and nothing was done but by my guidance: What need many words? He made me Joint-heir with Cæsar, and I had by it a Senator's Estate; but no Man thinks he has enough, and I had a mighty desire to turn Merchant. Not to detain you longer; I built five Ships, Freighted them with Wines, which at that time were as dear as Gold, and sent them to Rome; you'll think I desir'd to have it so: All my Ships Founder'd at Sea; 'tis a great truth, no Story; Neptune swallowed me in one day Three hundred thousand Sesterties. Do ye think I broke upon 't, (so help me Hercules) no; the Loss was but a Flea-bite: For, as if there had been no such thing, I built others, larger, better, and more fortunate than the former; so that every one called me a Man of courage. As you know a great Ship carries a great deal of force, I loaded them again with Wine, Bacon, Beans, Unguents, Planes: And here Fortunata shewed her affection; for she sold what she had; nay, her very Cloaths, and put a round Sum in my Pocket; tho' yet it was but a Pig of my own Sow. What the

Gods will is quickly done; I got an hundred thousand Sesterties by the Voyage, and forthwith redeemed the Lands my Patron had left me, built me a House, bought Cattle to sell them again, and whatever I went about gathered like a Snow-ball: But when I grew richer than all the Country besides, I took up, and from a Merchant turn'd Usurer, and bought Servants.

“ Thus resolved to give over Trading, a certain Astrologer that chanc'd to light on this Village, would have persuaded me to the contrary. He was a Græcian, his Name Sœrapa, one that held Correspondence with the Gods. He told me a deal that I had forgotten, and laid everything before me from top to bottom: He knew all I had within me, and told me what I had the Night before to Supper; you'd have thought he had liv'd with me all his life.

“ I beseech you, Habinas, for I think you was there; he told me the Intrigue between my Mistress and me; That I had but ill luck at Friends; that no one ever made me a return of my kindnesses: That I had large Possessions, but nourished a Viper in my Bosom: Why should I not tell you all? I have by his Account, thirty years, four Months, and two Days yet to live; And in a short time shall have another Estate left me.

“ Thus my Fortune-teller. But if I can join my Lands here to those in Apulia, I shall do well enough: in the mean, and while Mercury is my Guardian, I have built this House: it was once you know, a

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pitiful Cabin, but now as Magnificent as a Temple: it has four Dining Rooms, twenty Bed-Chambers, two Marble Porticoes, a Gallery above Stairs, my own Apartment, another for this Viper; a very good Porter's Lodge, and the House capable of receiving a thousand Guests: To be short, when ever Scaurus comes this way, he had rather lodge here than at his own House, tho' it lie to the Seaward: and many other Conveniences it has, which I'll shew you by and by. Believe me, he that has a penny in his Purse, is worth a penny: Have and you shall be esteemed. And so your Friend, once no better than a Frog, is now a King.

“ And now Stichus bring me the Furniture in which I design to be carried to my Funeral Pile; bring also the Unguent, and some of that Pot, which I ordered for the cleansing my Bones.”

Stichus lingered not, but brought in a white Coverlet, and Robe of State, and pray'd us to try if they were not fine Wooll, and well Woven. “ And see you Stichus,” said Trimalchio smiling, “ that neither Mice nor Moths come at them, for if they do I'll burn you alive. I will be brought out in Pomp, that all the People may speak well of me.”

With that opening a Glass Bottle of Spicknard, he caused us all to be Anointed; and “ I hope,” said he, “ it will do as much good when I am dead, as it does while I am living:” Then commanding the Wine Vessels to be filled again; “ Fausie,” said he, “ you

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are invited to my Funeral Feast." We by this time nauseated, were ready to Vomit; Trimalchio also was gotten confoundedly Drunk, when behold, a new Interlude; he called for the Coronets to come in; and, underset with Pillows, and stretching himself at length on the Bed, "suppose me," said he, "now dead, say somewhat, I beseech you, in praise of me."

Whereupon the Coronets sounded as it had been at a Funeral; but one above the rest, a Servant of that Freedman of Trimalchio's, that was best condition'd of 'em all, made such a thundring, that it rais'd the Neighbourhood: On which the Watch thinking the House was on fire, broke open the Gate, and making an Uproar after their manner, ran in with Water and Hatchets: When finding so fair an opportunity, we gave Agamemnon the slip, and scamper'd off, as if it had been a real Fire.





*THE SATYR OF
TITUS PETRONIUS ARBITER*

*PART TWO.**

Not a Star appear'd to direct us in our way, nor would the dead of the Night give us hopes of meeting a Stranger that could; with these, the Wine we had drank, and our ignorance of the place, even in the day time, conspir'd to mis-direct us. When we had wander'd almost an hour, with our Feet all bloody, over sharp pebbles and broken hills of gravel, Gito's diligence at last deliver'd us: for the day before, fearing we might be at a loss, tho' we had the Sun to our help, he had providently mark'd every Post and Pillar with

* That which follows, is translated by Mr. Burnaby, of the Middle-Temple.

a Chalk, the greatest darkness was not able to obscure, by whose shineing whiteness we found our way. But we had as many fears after we got to an Inn; for the Hostess, having drank a little too long with her Guests, had so intirely lost her Senses, a burning could not have made her feel; that perhaps, we had been forc'd to have taken up our Lodging in the Street, if a Letter-Carrier that belong'd to Trimalchio, with ten Carriages of his Master's Revenue, had not come in the mean time; who without much ado beat down the door, and let us in at the same gap.

After we enter'd the Bed-Chamber, having plentifully feasted; prest by impatient Nature, I took my Gito aside; and wrapt in Pleasures, spent the Night.

Who can the Charms of that blest Night declare,
 How soft ye Gods! our warm Embraces were?
 We hugg'd, we cling'd, and thro' each other's Lips,
 Our Souls, like meeting Streams, together mixt;
 Farewell the World, and all its Pageantry!
 When I, a Mortal! so begin to Dye.

'Tis without Reason I hug myself; Ascylos, omnis iniuriae inventor, subduxit mihi nocte puerum et in lectum transtulit suum, volutatusque liberius cum fratre non suo, sive non sentiente iniuriam sive dissimulante, indormivit alienis amplexibus oblitus iuris humani. Itaque ego ut experrectus pertrectavi gaudio despoliatum torum. Si qua est amantibus fides, ego dubitavi, an utrumque traicerem gladio somnumque

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morti iungerem. Tutius dein secutus consilium Gitona quidem verberibus excitavi, and looking as sternly as I cou'd upon Ascylos, thus address'd my self: "Since you've play'd the Villain by your Treachery, and breaking the Common Laws of Friendship, pack up your Matters quickly, and find another Comrade to abuse."

Ascylos consented; and, after we had made an exact division of our Booty; "Now," says he, "let's share the Boy too:" I believ'd it a jest at parting, but, he with a Murderous resolution, drew his Sword; "nor shall you," added he, "think to ingross this prize, which should, like the rest, be common to us both. I must have my share, or with this Sword will be content to take it." Upon which, on the other side, having twisted my gown under my arm, I made advances to Ingage.

The unhappy Boy rush'd between, and kissing both our knees, with tears, entreated that we would not expose our selves in a pitiful Alehouse, nor with our blood pollute the Rites of so dear a Friendship: but, raising his voice, says he, "if there must be Murder, behold my naked bosom, hither direct your fury: 'Tis I deserve death, who violated the sacred Laws of Friendship."

Upon which we sheath'd our Swords; and first Ascylos, "I'll," says he, "end the difference: Let the Boy himself follow the man he likes, that, in chusing

a Friend, at least, he may have an unquestion'd liberty."

I, that presum'd so long an acquaintance, had made no slight impressions on his Nature, was so far from fearing, that with an eager haste I accepted the proffer, and to the Judge committed the dispute: Gyto, that he might not seem to consider, at my consent jump'd up, and Chose Ascylos.

I, like one thunderstruck, at the sentence, void of defence, fell upon the bed, and had not surviv'd the loss, if envy of my Rival had not stopp'd my Sword.

Ascylos, proud of the conquest, goes off with the Prize, leaving me expos'd in a strange place, that before he caress'd as a Friend and sharer of his Fortune:

'Tis in the World, as in a Game of Chess;
We serve our Friends but where our profit is.
When Fortune smiles, we're yours, and yours alone;
But when she frowns, the servile Herd are gone.
So, in a Play, they Act with mimick Art,
Father, or Son, or griping Miser's part:
But when at last the Comic Scenes are o'er,
They quit the Visards they assum'd before.

Nor did I there very long complain, for fearing one Menalaus, an Usher of a School, might, among other Misfortunes, find me alone in the Inn, I made up my Wallet, and, very pensive, took me a Lodging in a private place near the Sea: there, after I had been mewd up for three days, reflecting afresh on my

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despis'd and abject condition, I beat my breast, as sick as it was; and, when my deep sighs would suffer me, often cry'd out; "Why has not the Earth burst open, and swallow'd me? Why has not the Sea o'erwhelm'd me that respects not even the Innocent themselves? Have I been a Murderer? when I had violated Lycas's Wife, have I fled Justice? have I escap'd even when I was condemn'd to Dye, to live in a strange place, to have my Name recorded only among Beggars and Vagabonds? and who condemn'd me to this solitude?— A Boy! One who is a prostitute to all manner of Lust; and by his own confession deserves to dye; whom vice has enobl'd from a Slave; who was publickly contracted with as a Girl, by one that knew he was of the other Sex: and what a wretch is that other, ye Gods! whom, when he might have writ Man, his Mother perswaded even out of his Sex, and putting on Petty-coats, was condemn'd to a Maids Office in a Prison: who, after he had spent what he had, and chang'd the scene of his Lust; having contracted an old Friendship, basely left it; and, frontless impudence! like a hot Whore, for one night's pleasure, sold his Friend. Now the Lovers lye whole nights lockt in each other's arms, and who knows but in those intervals they recruit their weary'd Strength, may laugh at me: but they shan't go off so, for if I'm a man, or a free-born one at least, I'll make their blood compensate the injury."

Having thus said I girt on my Sword; and lest I shou'd be too weak to maintain the war, encourag'd my self with a lusty Meal, and making out of doors, like one possest, search'd every place: but whilst, with a wild distracted countenance, I thought of nothing but blood and slaughter; and oft with execrations laying my hand on my Sword, a Souldier, perhaps some Cheat or Padder, observ'd me, and making up to me, askt to what Regiment or Company I, his brother Souldier, belong'd? when, with a good assurance, I had cheated him into a belief of the Regiment and Company; well, but Friend, said he, looking down, doe the Souldiers of your Company walk in such shoes? I began to look guilty, and by my trembling discover'd the Lye I had told him: upon which he made me lay down my Arms, and bid me take care of the worst. Thus stript, nay and thus rob'd of my Revenge, I return'd to my Lodging, where by degrees my fears abating, I began in my mind to thank the Robber.

But finding it difficult to wean my self from the love of Revenge, I spent half the night very pensively; and rising by day-break, to ease me of my grief, and thoughts of my injury, I rov'd about every where, till at last going into a publick Gallery, very wonderful for several sorts of excellent Painting; I saw some by Zeuxy's hand, that had not yet yielded to the injuries of time: And, not without an awful reverence, behold

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others by Protogenes, which tho' they were first tryals, yet disputed for exactness, even with Nature it self: but on the other side viewing a Celebrated Piece drawn by Apelles; I even ador'd the Work of so Great a Master: 'twas so correctly finisht to the life, you'd have sworn it an Image of the Soul too. One side gave the Story of the Eagle Bearing Jupiter to Heaven, the other the fair Hylas repelling the Addresses of the lew'd Naiad: in another part was Apollo, angry at himself for killing his Boy Hyacinth; and, to shew his love, crown'd his Harp with the Flower that sprung from his Blood.

In this Gallery, as in a Vision of living Images, I cry'd out; And are not the Gods themselves secure from love? Jupiter in his Seraglio above, not finding one that can please his appetite, sins upon Earth, yet injures nobody: the Nymph wou'd have stiff'd her passion for Hylas, had she believ'd the lusty Hercules wou'd have been his Rival: Apollo turns Hyacinth into a Flower: and every Image enjoy'd its Wishes without a Rival: but I have caress'd, as the dearest Friend, the greatest Villain.

While I was thus talking to my self, there enter'd the Gallery an old Man, with a Face as pale as age had made his Hair; and seem'd, I know not how, to bring with him the air of a great soul; but viewing his Habit, I was easily confirm'd in my opinion, since Fortune seldom deals favourably with Learned Men.

In short, he made up to me, and addressing himself, told me he was a Poet; and, as he hop'd, above the common herd: if, added he, my merrit don't suffer by applause that's promiscuously given, to the good and bad.

Why, therefore, interrupted I, are you so meanly Clad? On this account return'd he, because Learning never made any man rich.

The Merchant's profit well rewards his toil:
The Souldier crowns his Labours with the Spoil:
To servile Flattery we Altars raise:
And the kind Wife her Stallion ever pays:
But starving Wit in rags takes barren pain:
And, dying, seeks the Muses Aid in vain.

"'Tis certain," added he, "that a Lover of Virtue, on account of his Singularity, meets with contempt; for who can approve what differs from himself? And that those who admire Riches, wou'd fain possess every body, that nothing is more reasonable than their Opinion; whence they ridicule, as well as they can, the Learned few; that they, like themselves, might seem within the power of Money."

"I don't know, how Learning and Poverty became Relations," said I, and sigh'd: "You justly lament," return'd he, "the condition of Scholars."

"You mistake me," said I, "that's not the occasion of my sighs, there's another and much greater Cause:" And, as all Men are Naturally inclin'd to communicate

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their grief; I laid open my Case to him, beginning with Ascytos's Treachery, which I aggravated; and, with repeated sighs, often wisht his Injstice to me might have deserv'd pardon: but that now he was a staunch Villain, and in Lust more subtle than the Bawds themselves.

The old man, seeing me sincere, began to comfort me; and the better to effect it, told me what formerly had happen'd to himself on the like occasion.

“ In Asiam cum a quaestore essem stipendio eductus, hospitium Pergami accepi. Ubi cum libenter habitarem non solum propter cultum aedicularum, sed etiam propter hospitis formosissimum filium, excogitavi rationem, qua non essem patri familiae suspectus amator. Quotiescunque enim in convivio de usu formosorum mentio facta est, tam vehementer excandui, tam severa tristitia violari aures meas obsceno sermone nolui, ut me mater praecipue tanquam unum ex philosophis intueretur. Iam ego coeperam ephebum in gymnasium deducere, ego studia eius ordinare, ego docere ac praecipere, ne quis praedator corporis idmitteretur in domum . . .

“ Forte cum in triclinio iaceremus, quia dies sollemnis ludum artaverat pigritiamque recedendi imposuerat hilaritas longior, fere circa mediam noctem intellexi puerum vigilare. Itaque timidissimo murmure votum feci et ‘domina’ inquam ‘Venus, si ego hunc

puerum basiavero, ita ut ille non sensiat, cras illi par columbarum donabo.’ Audito voluptatis pretio puer stertere coepit. Itaque aggressus simulantem aliquot basiolis invasi. Contentus hoc principio bene mane surrexi electumque par columbarum attuli expectanti ac me voto exsolvi.

“ Proxima nocte cum idem liceret, mutavi optionem et ‘si hunc’ inquam ‘tractavero improba manu, et ille non senserit, gallos gallinaceos pugnacissimos duos donabo patienti.’ Ad hoc votum ephebus ultro se admovit et, puto, vereri coepit, ne ego obdormiscerem. Indulsi ergo sollicito, totoque corpore citra summam voluptatem me ingurgitavi. Deinde ut dies venit, attuli gaudenti quicquid promiseram. Ut tertia nox licentiam dedit, consurrexi . . . ad aurem male dormientis ‘dii’ inquam ‘immortales, si ego huic dormienti abstulero coitum plenum et optabilem, pro hac felicitate cras puero asturconem. Macedonicum optimum donabo, cum hac tamen exceptione, si ille non senserit.’ Nunquam altiore somno ephebus obdormivit. Itaque primum implevi lactentibus papillis manus, mox basio inhaesi, deinde in unum omnia vota coniunxi. Mane sedere in cubiculo coepit atque expectare consuetudinem meam. Scis quanto facilius sit, columbas gallosque gallinaceos emere quam asturconem, et praeter hoc etiam timebam, ne tam grande munus suspectam faceret humanitatem meam. Ego aliquot horis spatiatus in hospitium reverti nihilque

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aliud quam puerum basiavi. At ille circumspiciens ut cervicem meam iunxit amplexu, 'rogo' inquit 'domine, ubi est asturco?'

"Cum ob hanc offensam praeclusissem mihi aditum, quem feceram, iterum ad licentiam redii. Interpositis enim paucis diebus, cum similis casus nos in eandem fortunam rettulisset, ut intellexi stertere patrem, rogare coepi ephebum, ut reverteretur in gratiam mecum, id est ut pateretur satis fieri sibi, et cetera quae libido distenta dictat. At ille plane iratus nihil aliud dicebat nisi hoc: 'aut dormi, aut ego iam dicam patri.' Nihil est tam arduum, quod non improbitas extorqueat. Dum dicit: 'patrem excitabo,' irrepsi tamen et male repugnanti gaudium extorsi. At ille non indelectatus nequitia mea, postquam diu questus est deceptum se et derisum traductumque inter condiscipulos, quibus iactasset censum meum, 'videris tamen' inquit 'non ero tui similis. Si quid vis, fac iterum.' Ego vero deposita omni offensa cum puero in gratiam redii ususque beneficio eius in somnum delapsus sum. Sed non fuit contentus iteratione ephebus plenae maturitatis et annis ad patiendum gestientibus. Itaque excitavit me sopitum et 'numquid vis?' inquit. Et non plane iam molestum erat munus. Utcunque igitur inter anhelitus sudoresque tritus, quod voluerat, accepit, rursusque in somnum decidi gaudio lassus. Interposita minus hora pungere me manu coepit et dicere: 'quare non facimus?' tum ego totiens excitatus plane

vehementer excandui et reddidi illi voces suas: 'aut dormi, aut ego iam patri dicam.' ”

This discourse diverting my grief, I began to question the old Gentleman about the Antiquity of some Pieces, the Stories of others I was not acquainted with, the Reason why this Age don't come up to the former, and why the most excellent Arts are lost, of which Painting has not left the least sign of its being? “Our love of Riches,” reply'd he, “has been the only occasion: for in old time, when Virtue was admir'd for its own sake, all Liberal Arts flourish'd, and the only emulation among Men, was to make Discoveries that might profit the Age. 'Twas in those times Democritus, content with Poverty, found out the vertue of most Herbs; and lest there might be any hidden Excellence in Stones and Trees, spent the rest of his Life in Experiments about them: 'Twas then Eudoxus abandon'd the World, to live on the top of a high Mountain, to discover the motions of the Heavens and Crisippus, the better to qualify his mind for invention, went thrice through a course of Physick.

“But to return to Imagery, Lysippus with that diligence employ'd himself about one Statue, that, neglecting his Living, he dyed, for want: and Myron, whose brazen Images of Men and beasts, you might have mistaken for living ones, dy'd very poor: but our Age is so wholly devoted to Drinking and Whoring,

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we're so far from inventing, that we don't acquaint our selves even with those Arts that are found to our hands: But, accusing Antiquity, our Schools become Seminaries of Vice only: what's our Logick? How little do we know of Astronomy? Where's our Philosopher? What Master of Eloquence could indure to hear it so murdred in a Pulpit? What Wise Man cou'd suffer the noise? Our business in the Temple is not to inform our minds, or correct our lives; but as soon as we enter the place, one out of love to his Friend, being made his Heir, promises a Sacrifice to the Gods, if they'd please to take him out of this troublesome world; another, if they'd direct him to a Treasure: the like a third promises if they'd make him happy in a small Estate of 300l. per An. or so: The very Senate that shou'd show an Exemplary Conduct, in Occasions of doubtful Events, have devoted mighty sums of Gold to Religious uses: And who wou'd not but admire, that, he is perswaded hath Charms enough to make the Gods themselves comply! You need not wonder why Painting is lost, when Gold appears more beautiful both to Gods and Men, than any thing Apelles or Phidias are now esteem'd madly to have spent their time about: But seeing your Curiosity is wholly taken up with that piece, that shews you a contracted History of the Siege of Troy: I'll try to give you the Story more at large in Verse.

" Now Troy had felt a Siege of Ten long Years,
 Concern and Sorrow in each Face appears:
 The Grecian Prophet too, with Terrour fill'd,
 What Fate decree'd, but doubtfully reveal'd:
 When thus Apollo——
 From the proud Top of Ida's rising Hill
 A lofty Pile of mighty Cedars fell,
 Whose Trunks into a dreadful Fabrick force,
 And, let it bear the Figure of a Horse:
 The spacious hollows, of whose Mountain-Womb,
 The Choice and Flower of your Troops Entomb.
 The Greeks, enrag'd to be so long repell'd,
 With their chief Troops the Beasts vast Bowels fill'd,
 And thus their Arms and all their Hopes conceal'd.
 Strange was the Fate the rul'd unhappy Troy,
 Who thought them gone, and lasting Peace t'enjoy,
 So the Inscription of the Machine said,
 And Treacherous Synon, for their ruin made.
 All from their Arms at once, and troubles run
 To view the Horse, and left th' unguarded Town:
 So over-joy'd they wept: Thus even fears
 When joy surprizes, melt away in Tears.
 Enrag'd Laocoon, with Prophetick beat,
 Prest thro' the Crowd, that on his Humour wait;
 And with a Javelin pierc'd the fatal Horse,
 But Fate retards the blow, and stopt its force:
 The Spear Jumpt back upon the Priest, so nigh,
 It gave new Credit to the Treachery.
 Yet to confirm how weak was the attempt
 'Gainst what the Gods will have, his Javelin sent,
 Resum'd with double fury, thro' his side,
 And the large Concave of the Machine try'd:
 When from within the Captive Grecians roar;
 And the Beast trembles with another's fear.
 Yet to the Town the Present they convey,
 Thus a new Stragem does Troy betray;

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While to the Taken, she becomes a Prey.
But other Monsters there enform our Eyes,
What mighty Seas from Teuedos arise!
The frighted Neptune seems to seek the Shore,
With such a noise, with such a dreadful roar:
As in a silent Night, when, from afar,
The dismal sound of Wrecks invades the Ear:
When rolling on the Waves two mighty Snakes,
Unhappy Troy descry'd; whose circling Stroaks,
Had drove the swelling surges on the Rocks.
Like lofty Ships they on the Billows ride,
And with rais'd Breasts the foaming Flood divide:
Their Crests they brandish and red Eye-balls raise,
That all around dispence a Sulphurous Blaze.
To Shore advancing, now the Waves appear
All Fire; unwonted ratlings fill the Air.
The Ocean trembles at their dreadful Hiss;
All are amaz'd: When in a Trojan dress;
And holy Wreaths their sacred Temples bind,
Laocoon's Sons were by the Snakes entwin'd:
Now t'wards Heaven their Little Hands are thrown
Each for his Brother, not himself does moan,
And prays to save his ruin by his own.
Both dye at last, thro' fear each other shou'd;
And to give Death a greater Pomp, the Good
Laocoon to their rescue vainly run,
Now gorg'd with Death, they drag him on the Ground
Up to the Altar, where devoted lies
The Priest himself, a panting Sacrifice.
Thus with his Blood the Temple they prophane;
Losing their Gods, Troy's ruin thus began:
Now the bright Taper of the Night appears,
Gayly attended with a train of Stars:
When midst the Trojans, dead in Sleep and Wine,
The Grecians Execute their dire Design:
When from the open'd Caverns of the Horse,

Like a large flood, their hidden Troops did gush;
 And now deliver'd, leave their Horse and fear,
 With the same wanton motions Colts appear:
 When from the Plow, and heavy Collar freed,
 They shake their rising Crests, and try their speed.
 Their Swords they Brandish, and their Shields they
 rear,
 And fix their Helmets, then begin the War:
 A Party here o' th' Drunken Trojans light,
 And send them snoring to Eternal Night;
 Another there now made their Altars Smoke,
 And against Troy, Troy's Guardian Gods invoke."

When Eumolpus had gone thus far in his Story, the People that were walking there, began to fling Stones at him: But he, conscious of his Merit, cover'd his Head, and took up his Heels: I, fearing they wou'd have taken me for a Poet too, made after him: When we were out of Stone shot of the Enemy, "I beseech you, Sir," said I, "what will you do with this Disease of yours? I don't wonder at the Peoples humour, since I have hardly been acquainted with you two hours, and your Entertainment has been more Poetry, than the Conversation of a Man. I think I must fill my Pocket with Stones, that when I perceive you going into a Fit, I may bleed you in the Head for it, with one of 'em."

He turn'd to me, and, "Dear Child," said he, "I rose to day without consulting my Fortune; tho' 'tis confest I seldom appear even on the Stage, but such a Mobb as this are Laughing at me: But that

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I may not be at difference with you too, I'll tye myself up from this humour of Poetry:" "Well, well," said I, "on that condition I Sup with you;" upon which, going into the poor Cottage I lodg'd at, we order'd the Master of it to get us a Supper, and in the mean time we went to the Bagnio, where I saw Gito standing against the Wall, with Towels and Rubbing Brushes in his hand; his troubl'd Countenance easily perswaded me he serv'd on Compulsion: As soon as he saw me, with joy Addressing himself, he told me, that since I was not in that Martial posture that once frighted him to belye his Affections, he cou'd freely speak to me, upon which he entreated me to pity his Circumstances; and, if I cou'd but deliver him from so Barbarous a Master, since he was now sorry he was forc'd to be my judge, I might take my satisfaction in any Punishment I'de please to inflict; "for," added he, "if I must dye, 'twill be comfort enough to so unhappy a Wretch to think that you are pleas'd in 't."

I desir'd him wave his Complaints, lest our Design shou'd be discover'd, and leaving Eumolpus (for in the Bath he was versifying) we made off thro' a dirty Back-Entry, as privately as we could to my Lodgings: Where, shutting the Door, I threw my Arms about his neck, and, tho' he was all in tears, half smother'd him with Kisses: Thus we continu'd without a word from either side: Gito's repeated Sobs so disturb'd

him, he could not speak: When after a long time spent in that posture, “how unaccountable is it,” began I, “to Love him that once forsook me! And that in this Breast I shou’d feel so great a Wound, yet have no sign of its being there! what’s your pretence for chusing Ascylos? Have I deserv’d such usage?”

After he found I still had Love for him, he began to look less concerned: “When,” added I, “I’m so far from desireing an Umpire to judge of th’ ingratitude of your Choice, that I neither complain of, or design to remember it; if I find you sincere.”

I cou’d not tell him this without a Tear: When, wiping his face, says he, “Encolpius, I appeal to your Memory, whether I left you, or you betray’d me. I must confess, and hope you can’t blame me; when I saw two at Daggers-Drawing, that I ran to the strongest.”

I cou’d not but admire his Wit, and to convince him of a perfect Reconciliation, sealed it with repeated Kisses.

’Twas now quite dark, and our Supper was Dishing up, when Eumolpus knock’d at the Door: I ask’d how many there was of ’em: And took an opportunity through a Chink, to see whether Ascylos was with him: But finding him alone, I soon open’d the Door: He had hardly fixt himself on his Couch, when seeing Gito in waiting, “on my word,” said

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he, "a very Gannymed; sure Encolpius, you'll have no reason to complain to day."

I did not like to observing an entry; and was afraid I had entertain'd another Ascyrtos. Eumolpus pursuing his Humour, when the Boy fill'd him a Glass, "I had rather," said he, "be in possession of thee, than the whole Bagnio"; and greedily drinking it off, "the heat I've been in," added he, "made this the pleasantest Draught I ever took: For to deal freely with ye, I narrowly scap'd a beating, for attempting, when I was in the Bath, to deliver my Thoughts of it in Verse: And after I was turn'd out of the Bagnio, as I us'd to be out of the Theatre; I search'd every place, crying as loud as I cou'd, 'Encolpius, Encolpius.' A Naked Youth that had lost his Cloaths, as strongly Echo'd back to me, 'Gito, Gito': The Boys, believing me Mad, ridicul'd me with their Mimikry: But the other was attended with a great Concourse of People, that with an awful Admiration prais'd the Youth: For Nature had so largely qualify'd him for a Lover, his Body seem'd but as the Skirt of the mighty Member it bore: A lusty Rogue! I'll warrant, he'd maintain the Field four and twenty hours! He therefore soon found relief, for some Debauch'd Spark, a Roman Knight, as was reported, flung his Cloak over him, and took him home, with hopes, I presume to engross so great a prize: But I was so far from meeting such Civility, that even my

own Cloaths were kept from me, till I brought one that knew me, to satisfie 'em in my Character: So much more profitable 'tis to improve the Body than the Mind."

Whilst Eumolpus was telling his Story, I often chang'd Countenance: Looking glad at the ill Fortune of my Rival, but troubled at his good: yet did not interrupt him, lest he shou'd discover my Concern: and when he had done, I told him what we had for Supper.

I had hardly given him an account, e're our Entertainment came in: 'Twas common homely Food, but very nourishing: Our half starv'd Doctor attacqu'd it very briskly, but when he had well fill'd himself, began to tell us, Philosophers were above the World, and to ridicule those that condemn every thing, because 'tis common, and only to admire those things that are difficult to be had: "These Vicious Appetites," added he, "that despise what they can cheaply come by, never taste any thing pure, but, like sick Men, love only those things that are hurtful to 'em.

"What's soon obtain'd, we nauseously receive,
Ali hate the Victory that's got with leave:
We scorn the Good our happy Isle brings forth,
But love whatever is of foreign growth:
Not that the Fish that distant Waters feed,
Do those excel that in our Climate breed;

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But these are Cheaply taken, those came far,
With difficulty got, and cost us dear:
Thus the kind She, abroad, we admire above
Th' insipid Lump, at Home of Lawful Love:
Yet once enjoy'd, we strait a new desire,
And absent Pleasures only do admire."

"Is this," said I, interrupting him, "what you promis'd, that you wou'd not versifie to day agen? I beseech you, Sir, at least spare us that never pelted you: For if any of the Inn shou'd find we have a Poet in our Company, the whole neighbourhood wou'd be rais'd, and we shou'd dye Martyrs for a wrong Opinion: If nothing else will make you pity us, think of the Galery and Bath you camefrom": when I had treated him after this rate, the good Natur'd Gito, correcting me, said, I did very ill to rail at a Man so much my Elder; and that having offer'd a Gentleman the Curtsie of my Table, I shou'd not so far forget good breeding, to affront him when he came: With many the like Expressions, attended with a Blush at their delivery, that extreamly became him.

"Happy the Woman," said Eumolpus, "that's blest with such a Son! Heaven encrease your Virtue: so much sense, and so much beauty we seldom meet with in any one Person: But, lest you shou'd think your Civility thrown away, you have found a Lover for it: I'll give the World your Praises in Verse:

I'll be your Servant, your Gardian, and will follow you every where: Nor can Encolpius think himself injur'd, he Loves another."

Eumolpus was oblig'd to the Souldier that robb'd me of my Sword, else I had turn'd the fury upon him I meant for Ascylos: Gito reading it in my Countenance, under pretence of fetching Water, prudently withdrew: And allay'd my heat, by removing one cause of it: But my rage reviving, "Eumolpus," said I, "I had rather have heard even your Verses, that you propose to your self such hopes: I am very Passionate, and you are very Lustful: Consider how improbable 'tis we shou'd agree; believe therefore I am Mad, and humour the Phrenzy; that is, be gone immediately."

At this Eumolpus was in great Confusion, and, without asking the occasion of my Passion, presently made out: But drawing the Door after him, what I did not in the least suspect, he lock'd me in, and stealing the Key out of the Door, ran in pursuit of Gito.

The Rage I was in to be so abus'd, put me upon Hanging my self; and having ty'd an Apron, I found in the Room, to the Bed-stead, committed my neck to the Noose I had made with its strings: When Eumolpus and Gito came to the Door, and entering, prevented my design: Gito, his grief growing to a Rage, made a great out-cry, and forcing me on the

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Bed, “you’re mistaken,” said he, “Encolpius, if you fancy it possible for you to dye before me: I was first in the Design, and had not surviv’d my choice of Ascyltos; if I had met with an instrument of Death: But had not you come to my Relief in the Bath, I had resolv’d to throw my self out of the Window: And that you may know how ready Death is to wait those that desire it: see—I’ve got what you so lately endeavour’d.”

Upon which, having snatch’d a Razor from Eumolpus’s Servant, he struck three or four times at his Throat, and fell down before us: frightened at the Accident, I cry’d out, and falling upon him e’re he had reached the Ground, with the same Weapon, endeavoured to follow him: But neither had Gito any appearance of a Wound, nor did I feel my self hurt: For it happen’d to be a dull Razor, design’dly made so, to prepare Learners of the Art to handle a sharper Which was the reason Eumolpus did not offer to prevent our Mimick Deaths, nor his Man look concern’d when the Razor was snatch’d from him.

While this Scene was Acting, the Inn-Keeper came in upon us, with the other part of our Supper; and viewing the obscene posture we were in, “I beseech you, Sirs,” said he, “are ye Drunk, or have fled Justice, and are Acting it on your selves, or both? ho! who was going to make a Gibet of the

Bed? What private designs are here on foot? What —was your going out but now with intent to Bilke me? But you shall feel fo't: I'll soon make ye know who rules here."

"What, you Rascal," Crys Eumolpus, "do you threat too?" And without more ado flung his Fist in his face: The Inn-Keeper took up an Earthen Pitcher we so oft had empty'd, and sending it at Eumolpus, broke his Forehead, and immediately ran down Stairs: Eumolpus, impatient of Revenge, snatching up a great Wooden Candlestick, made after him; and pouring his blows very thick on the Inn-Keeper, repair'd the Injury with Interest: This alarm'd the whole House, and whilst the rest of his Guess, that by this time were most of 'em Drunk; ran to see what was the matter, taking an opportunity to revenge the injury Eumolpus had offer'd me, I lock'd him out; and turning thus his trick upon himself, at once, enjoy'd the Bed and Board without a Rival.

In the mean time, the Islanders (that came in at the bustle) and Cooks with all their Kitchin Artillery set upon Eumolpus: One throws at his head a hot Spit with the Meat on't; another with a Pitchfork puts himself in a Martial posture against him; but especially a Blear-Ey'd Old Woman, who tucking up the dirty Apron she had about her, with one shoe on, and another off, hall'd a great Mastiff and set

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him at Eumolpus: But with the wooden Candlestick he defended himself against all his Enemies.

We saw all through a Hole they had made by wrenching the Latch from the Door: I wish'd him well you may imagine; but Gito had Compassion and wou'd have succour'd the Distrest Eumolpus; upon which, my Rage continuing, I gave his pitying Head two or three blows with my Fist; he sate down on the Bed and cry'd: but I so eagerly ply'd the Hole, I made my Eyes relieve each other; and, encouraging the People against him, with great satisfaction beheld the conflict: when the Bailiff of the Island, one Bargates, whom the Scuffle had rais'd from Supper; was brought into the Room, supported by others Legs, for he was so troubl'd with the Gout, he cou'd not use his own: And having in his Clownish manner, with a great deal of heat, made a long Harangue against Drunkards and Vagabonds, looking on Eumolpus, "ha! what is it you," says he, "the Excellent Poet? What—has these Rogues been abusing you all this while?" At what time he goes up to Eumolpus, and in a whisper, "I have a Maid," says he, "that flouts at me when I ask her the Question; Prithee, if you have any Love for me, abuse her in a Copy of Verses till she's ashamed of her self."

While Eumolpus was thus ingag'd with Bargates, the Cryer of the Town, and some other officer, attended with a great Concourse of People, entred

the Inn; and, shaking a smoaky rather than lighted Torch he carried, mouths out this; viz.

NOT LONG AGO, RUN AWAY FROM THE BATH, A VERY PRETTY BOY, WITH CURL'D HAIR, BY NAME, GITO.

IF ANY MAN, OR WOMAN, IN CITY, OR COUNTRY, CAN TELL TALE OR TIDINGS OF HIM, SHALL HAVE FOR HIS REWARD 1000 SESTERCES

Not far from the Cryer, stood Ascyltos, Clad with a Coat of many Colours; who, to encourage any Discoverer, held the Reward in a Silver Charger before him.

Upon this, I order'd Gito to steal under the Bed, and thrust his feet and hands through the Cords that, as Ulysses formerly hid in a Sheeps Hide, so extended he might cheat the Searchers.

Gito immediately obey'd the Motion, and fixing himself, as I directed, out-did Ulysses in his Native Art: But, that I might leave no room for Suspicion, I so disposed the Bed-Cloaths, that none could believe more than my self had lain there.

We had just done, when Ascyltos, with a Beadle, having search'd the other Chambers, came to ours, which gave him greater hopes, because he found the Door so barr'd: But the Petty Officer he brought, with an Iron Crow, forc'd it open.

Upon Ascyltos's Entry, I threw my self at his

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feet, and beseech'd him, if he had any memory of our past Friendship; or any respect for one that had shar'd Misfortunes with him, he wou'd at least let me see the still dear Gito: And to give my sham-intreaties a better colour, "I see," says I, "Ascyntos, you are come with Designs on my Life; for to what other end could you bring those Ministers of Justice? Therefore satisfie your Rage, behold my naked Bosom, let out that Blood, which, under pretence of a search, you come to seek."

Ascyntos, now laying aside his old grudge to me; profess'd he came in pursuit of nothing but Gito, that had run from him; nor desir'd the Death of any Man, much more of one that falls before him; and whom, after a fatal quarrel with him, he held most dear.

The Petty Officer was not so easie to me, for taking a Stick out of the Inn-Keeper's hand, he felt under the Bed with it, and run it into every Hole he found in the Wall: Gito drew his Body out of the Stick's way, and, breathing as gently as fear cou'd make him, held his Mouth close to the Cords.

They were hardly gone, e're Eumolpus bounc'd in upon us, for the broken Door cou'd stop nobody, and, in a great heat, cry'd out, "I'll earn the Reward: I'll make after the Cryer, and let him know how soon Gito may be in his Custody."

Eumolpus pursuing his design, I kist his knees, and intreated him not to anticipate the end of dying

Men; “you wou’d be justly angry,” added I, “if you shou’d discover to ’em how you are deceiv’d: The Boy run into the Crowd undiscovered, and where he is gone, my self can’t suspect. I beseech you, Eumolpus, bring back the Boy, or at least restore him even to Ascylos.”

Just as I had worked him to a belief, Gito, with restraining his breath, snees’d thrice so thoroughly, that he shook the Bed; at which Eumolpus, turning about, saluted him with, “God bless you, Sir”; and, taking the Bedding aside, saw the little Ulysses, who might have raised Compassion, even in a Blood-thirsty Cyclops: then looking upon me, “Thou Villain,” says he, “how have you shamm’d me? Durst you not tell truth, even when you was catch’d in a Roguery? If some God, that has the care of Humane Affairs, had not forc’d the Boy to discover himself, I had wander’d in search of him to a fine purpose.” But Gito, that cou’d fawn much better than I, took a Cobweb dipt in Oyl, and apply’d to the Wound in his Forehead: And changing his torn Coat for his own Mantle, imbrac’d the now reconcil’d Eumolpus, and Stuck to his Lips: at last he spoke, and, “Our Lives,” said he, “most indulgent Father, our Lives are in your power; if you love your Gito, convince him that you do, by preserving him: O! could I now meet a Grave in flames or waves, that I, the only cause of all, might end your quarrels.”

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Eumolpus, concern'd at our grief, and particularly mindful of Gito's tenderness to him; "surely," says he, "y'are the greatest of Fools, who have Souls enrich'd with virtues, that may make ye happy, yet live a continu'd Martyrdom, raising to your selves every day new occasions of grief; I, wherever I am, make my Life as pleasant and free from trouble, as if I expected no more of it: If you'll imitate me, never let Cares disturb your quiet. And to avoid Ascylos that haunts ye in these parts, I am taking a Voyage to a Foreign Country, and shou'd be glad of your Company: I believe to morrow Night I shall go on board the Vessel: I am very well known there, and you need not doubt of a Civil Entertainment."

His advice appear'd to me both wise and profitable; for at once it deliver'd me from Ascylos, and gave me hopes of living more happy: Thus oblig'd by Eumolpus's good nature, I was sorry for the late injury I had done him, and began to repent I appear'd his Rival, since it had occasion'd so many Disasters.

At last, with Tears, I beseech'd him to be Friends with me too, for that it was not in a Rival's power to bound his rage; yet, that I wou'd try neither to say, or do any thing that may offend him: And hop'd so wise and good a Man as he, wou'd leave in his Mind no sign of a former Quarrel: For 'twas with Men as with Countrys, on rude neglected Grounds Snows lay very long, but where the fruitful Earth was improv'd

by Culture, they presently melt off, and hardly leave a Print behind: Thus unfashion'd Minds can't discharge their Passions suddenly, but where Souls are enrich'd with instruction, they but appear and Vanish.

“And to confirm the Truth of what you say,” return'd Eumolpus, “all my heat expires in this Kiss; but, to prevent the designs of your enemies, hasten with your Wallets, and either follow me, or, if ye like it, act the Leaders.”

He had not done speaking, when, hearing the Door move, we turn'd about, and saw a Seaman, with a Beard that made him appear terribly Grim: who saluted Eumolpus with a “Why dy'e stay, as if you did not know how near the time 'twas?”

All immediately prepare for the March, Eumolpus Loads his Servants, who had been all this while asleep; I, and Gito, pack'd our Things together, and, thanking our Stars, enter'd the Vessel.

We fixt our selves, as much out of the way as we could, under Deck: and it being not yet day, Eumolpus fell a-sleep: I, and Gito, cou'd not take a wink: When reflecting afresh, that I had harbour'd in my Acquaintance, a Rival more powerful than Ascytos; I began to be much troubled: But wisely allaying my grief, I thus reason'd with my self: Is it so troublesome to share what we love? when the best of Nature's works are in common? The Sun throws his Rays

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on all. The Moon, with her infinite train of Stars, serves to light even Beasts to their Fodder: What below can boast an Excellence of Nature above the Waters? Yet they flow in publick for the use of all: Only Love seems sweeter stol'n, than when it's given us: So it is, we esteem nothing, unless 'tis envy'd by others; but what have I to fear in a Rival, that Age and Impotence conspire to render disagreeable? Who, when he has an inclination, his Body jades under him before he can reach the Goal.

When I had cheated my self with this assurance, I muffled my head in my Coat, and feign'd my self asleep: But on a sudden, as if Fortune had resolv'd to ruin my quiet; I heard one above Deck groaning out: "And has he scorn'd me?" This struck me with a trembling, for it was a Man's voice, and one I was afraid I knew: But at a greater distance, with the same heat, I heard a Woman Lamenting: "O that some God," said she, "wou'd bring my Gito to my Arms; tho' he banish'd himself thence; how kindly wou'd I receive him!"

So unexpected a thing drove the Colour from our Cheeks; I especially, as in a Trance, was a long time speechless; when, trembling with fear, I pull'd Eumolpus by the Coat, who was now asleep; and "I beseech you, Father," said I, "do you know the owner of this Vessel, or who the Passengers are?" He was very angry to be disturbed: "And was it

for this Reason," said he, "that we chose the most private place in the Ship; that none but your self might disturb us: or what will it signifie if I tell you, that one Lycas a Tarentine owns her, and is carrying one Tryphæna to Tarentum?"

For a while I stood like one Thunder-struck, when opening my Bosom, I trembling, cry'd out; "At last, Fortune, you have ruin'd every part of me": For Gito, my better half, lean'd on my Breast, as if he had breath'd his last: When our sweating through fear, had a little recover'd our Spirits: I fell at Eumolpus feet, and intreated him to have Compassion of two dying Wretches: That is, to assist us in the Means of escaping the impending Mischief: "Tho' Death," I added, "wou'd be more grateful to us, if the Happiness of enjoying you, did not make us envy Life."

Eumolpus was glad to serve us, and swore by all that 's sacred, he was privy to no Design against us; and that he had very innocently brought us hither, for no other end, than for our Company, having hir'd the Vessel before he was acquainted with us: "But what designs on your Lives are here?" added he, "Or have we a Pyrate Hannibal on board?" "Lycas," continued he, "a very Honourable Man, is not only Master and owner of this Vessel, but of a good Estate, and having inclinations to Traffick, freights his Vessel himself: Is this the terrible

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Cyclops? Is this the dreadful Cut-throat, we must pay our Carriage to? And besides him, is the beautiful Tryphæna that other Emblem of Terrour, who for her pleasure only goes with Lycas."

"These are the very two," reply'd Gito, "we strove to avoid": And, in a low voice, made Eumolpus, that trembled at the Story, at once understand the occasions of their Malice to us, and our present danger.

Eumolpus was so distracted in his thoughts, he cou'd not advise, but bid each of us give him his opinion; "And presume," says he, "we had just enter'd the Cyclops Den, where Jove's Thunderbolts are made. We must seek a means of delivery, except we design to free us from all Danger, by sinking the Vessel."

"No, no," began Gito, "rather offer the Pilot a Reward, to direct the Vessel to some Port: And affirm the Sea so disagrees with your Friend, that if he is not so kind, you fear he'll dye: You may colour the pretence with Tears, and appear much concern'd, that, mov'd with Compassion, the Pilot may befriend you."

Eumolpus reply'd, that could not be effected, for not only the difficulty of guiding so great a Ship to a Port, but a Suspicion he wou'd necessarily have, that his Friend cou'd not be so suddenly very ill, conspir'd against it: Then next, perhaps, Lycas wou'd have a

Curiosity to visit his sick Passenger: “ Can you propose to escape by a means that will discover ye to him ye’d avoid? But presuming the Ship cou’d be stopt in her rapid Course, and that Lycas shou’d not visit his sick on Board: How can we get out, but all must see us? With our heads muffled, or bare? if cover’d, we move every one to lend a hand to sick Persons; if bare, we discover our selves.”

“ A desperate Disease,” said I, “ must have a desperate Cure; I know no better Expedient of our delivery, than to slide into the long Boat, and cutting the Cord, leave the rest to Fortune: Nor do I desire Eumolpus to share the Danger: For what wou’d it signifie to involve an innocent Person in other Mens deserv’d Misfortunes? We shall think our selves happy, if Fortune be kind.”

“ ’Twas not ill advised,” said Eumolpus, “ if it cou’d be done; for do you think to stir in the Ship unobserved, when the distant motion of the Stars themselves can’t escape the Pilot’s diligence? You must pass the only guarded part of the Ship, near which place the Rope that holds the Boat is tyed: Besides, Encolpius, I wonder you did not remember that one Seaman was upon constant duty night and day in the Boat it self; nor will be mov’d from his Post, without you cut his Throat, or fling him overboard; which consider whether you can dare attempt; for my part, to go with you I would refuse no danger

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that could give me the least hopes of getting off; but to put so low a value on life, to throw it away as a useless thing, I believe even your selves are unwilling: Hear whether you like my Proposal; I'll put ye into two Mantles I have here, and making Holes to breathe and eat through, will place you amongst my other Goods for Baggage; next Morning I allarm the whole Ship, crying out, my servants, fearing a greater punishment, in the night jump into the Sea; that when the Ship made to land, I might carry you off for Baggage."

"Very well," said I, "but do you design to tye us as Stocks, within which Nature does not labour to be freed; or as those that use to sneeze and snore? Or, because I once succeeded in a like deceit? But suppose we cou'd hold out a day so ty'd up, what shall we do if we're put to't longer? Will the thoughts of a quiet life without cares, or of our adverse fortune entertain us most? our very Cloaths long bound up will rot upon our backs: Can we, d'ye think, that are young, and not inur'd to labour, endure to be clad like Statues, and wear our cords as insensibly? Since we are yet to seek a way of escape, for no Proposal has been made without an objection; see what I have thought on: The studious Eumolpus, I presume, never goes unfurnisht with Ink; is there a better Expedient, than washing our hands, face, and hair, with that, to appear like *Æthiopian* Slaves? when without wringing our Limbs, we can't but be merry,

to act a Cheat, that so nearly imposes on our enemies?"

"And why would you not have us Circumcis'd too," interrupted Gito, "that we may appear like Jews; and have our Ears bor'd, to persuade them we came from Arabia? and why did not you advise our Faces to be Chalk'd as well as Ink'd, that we might pass for Frenchmen, as if our Colour would make such a mighty Alteration? Has a Foreigner but one mark of distinction? Can you think anybody so ignorant to mistake you for one, by that sign only? Grant our dawb'd faces wou'd keep their Colour: Suppose it wou'd not wash off, nor our Cloaths stick to the Ink, how can we imitate their black swollen Lips? the short curl of their hair? the seams on their foreheads? their circular way of treading? their splay feet? or the mode of their Beards? an artificial Colour rather stains than alters the body; but, if you'll be rul'd by a madman, let's cover our heads, and jump into the Sea?"

"Nor Heaven nor Man," cry'd Eumolpus, "cou'd suffer ye make so ill an end; rather pursue this advice: My Slave, as you may imagine by his Razor, is a piece of a Barber; let him shave not only your Heads, but, as a mark of greater punishment, your Eye-brows too, and I'll finish your disguise with an Inscription on your Foreheads, that you may appear as Slaves branded for some extraordinary Villany: Thus the same

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Letters will at once divert their suspicion, and conceal your Countenance under the mask of punishment.”

We lik'd the advice, and hasten'd the execution, when stealing to the side of the Vessel, we committed our Heads and Eye-brows to the Barber: Eumolpus in the meantime fill'd our Fore-heads with great Letters, and very liberally dispenc'd the known marks of Fugitives through the other parts of our Faces; one of the Passengers, easing his o'recharg'd stomach o're the side of the Ship, by the Moon perceiving the reflection of a Barber busie at so unseasonable a time, and, cursing the Omen that he thought presag'd a Shipwreck, ran to his Hammock, upon which we dissembled the same, but indeed had an equal though different concern; and the noise over, we spent the rest of the night without resting much.

The next day Eumolpus, when he found Tryphæna was stirring, went to visit Lycas; and after he had talk'd with him about the happy Voyage he hop'd from the clearness of the Heavens, Lycas, turning to Tryphæna, “Methoughts,” said he, “about midnight the Vision of Priapus appear'd to me, and told me, he had lately brought into my Ship Eucolpius that I sought for”: Tryphæna was startl'd, “And you'd swear we slept together,” reply'd she, “for methoughts the Image of Neptune having struck his Trident thrice against the Bajœ, told me that in Lycas' Ship I shou'd meet my Gito.”

“Hence, proceeds,” said Eumolpus, interrupting
 ’em, “that Veneration I pay the Divine Epicurus,
 who so wittily has discovered such illusions.

“When in a Dream presented to our view,
 Those airy Forms appear so like the true;
 Nor Heaven nor Hell the fancy’d Visions sends,
 But every breast its own delusion lends:
 For when soft sleep the body wraps in ease,
 And from th’ unactive mass our fancy frees,
 Whatever ’tis in which we take delight,
 And think of most by day, we dream at night.
 Thus he, the now sackt City justly fear’d,
 Who all around had death and ruin shar’d.
 From fancy’d darts believes a darkned sky,
 And Troops retreating in confusion fly:
 There the sad Funeral pomp of Kings; here
 Conscious Plains, half drown’d in blood, appear.
 He that by day has nois’d it at the Bar,
 Of Knaves and Fools now sees the great resort,
 And to meet justice vainly fears in Court.
 Misers amidst their heaps are raising new,
 And think they oft their old hid treasure view.
 And Huntsmen the imagin’d Chace pursue.
 The Merchant dreams of Wrecks, the Ship wou’d
 save,
 Or now, by sinking it, himself preserve.
 The Mistress to her distant lover writes;
 And, as awake, with flames and darts indites:
 The Good wife dreaming of her Stallion’s Charms,
 Oft seeks the pleasure in her Cuckold’s arms.
 Dogs on full cry, in sleep, the Hare pursue,
 And hapless wretches their old griefs renew.

But Lycas, when he had thank’d his Stars for their

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care of him, "That we may not seem," said he, "to condemn the Divine Powers, what hinders but we search the Vessel?"

Upon which one Æsius, the passenger that had discover'd us by our reflection in the water, cry'd out, "these are the men that were shav'd by Moonshine to night. Heaven avert the Omen! I thought the Ceremony of cutting the Nails and Hair, was never perform'd but as a solemn Sacrifice to appease a Storm.'

'Is 't so," says Lycas, in a great heat, "did any in the Ship offer to shave themselves, and at midnight too? Bring 'em quickly hither, that I may know who they are that deserve to die a sacrifice for our safety."

"'Twas I," quoth Eumolpus, "commanded it, not wishing ill to the Ship, but ease to my self; for they are my Slaves, and having long staring hairs, I order'd the uncomely sight to be taken away; not only that I might not seem to make a Prison of the Ship; but that the mark of their Villany might more plainly appear; and to let you know how richly they deserve the punishment; among other Rogueries, they rob'd me of a considerable sum of Money, and spent it with all the luxury of rich Debauches, on a Trull that was at both their services, whom I catcht them with last night. In short, they yet smell of the Wine they profusely gave themselves with my Money."

Lycas, that the offenders might atone for their crime, order'd each of them forty stripes; we were immediately brought to the place of Execution; where the enrag'd Seamen set upon us with Ropes-ends, and try'd to offer our blood a sacrifice for their safety. I bore three stripes very Heroically. Gito, who had not so much passive valour at the first blow, set up such an out-cry that the known sound of his voice reach'd Tryphæna's ear; who in great disorder attended with her Maids, that were all like her self surpriz'd at the Voice, run to the sufferer.

Gito's admirable beauty had soften'd their rage, and seem'd without speaking to intreat their favour; when the Maids unanimously cry'd out, "'tis Gito, 'tis Gito; hold your barbarous hands, help Madam, 'tis Gito!"

Tryphæna to their cry inclin'd her Ears, that already had anticipated her belief, and with eager haste flew to the Boy.

Upon which Lycas that knew me very well, as much satisfied as he had heard my Voice, ran to me, and taking my other parts on content, sed contiguo ad inguina mea luminibus deflexis movit officiosam manum "your servant Encolpius," says he, "'twill be no wonder how Euryclea that nurs'd Ulysses, at his return after twenty years absence, shou'd know him by a scar on his forehead, when 'tis consider'd, the most discreet Lycas, not beholden to the marks of any seen part of

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the body, so judiciously discover'd me by the most hid:" Trophæna, having cheated herself into a belief that those marks of slavery we wore on our foreheads were real, wept; and began in a low voice, to inquire what Prison cou'd stop us in our Rambles; or whose cruel hands cou'd finish such a punishment without reluctancy. "I confess," added she, "they deserve some punishment with whom their Masters are so justly angry."

Lycas was in a great heat at Tryphæna's tenderness. "And thou foolish Woman," said he, "can you believe, those marks were cut before the Ink was laid? We should be too happy were those stains not to be rub'd off, and had justly been, as they design'd us, the subject of their laughter, if we had suffer'd our selves to be so grossly impos'd on in a sham Inscription."

Tryphæna, who was not yet unmindful of our former amours, wou'd have pity'd us. When Lycas, still resenting the abuse he received in his vitiated Wife, and the affronts at the Porch of Hercules' Temple, with greater rage cry'd out, "I thought you had been convinc'd Tryphæna, that Heaven has the care of Humane affairs, when it not only brought our Enemies into our power, which they strove to avoid, but reveal'd it in a vision to us both; see what you'l get by pardoning them, whom Heaven it self has brought to punishment, for my part, I am not naturally

so cruel, but am afraid the judgment I shou'd prevent from justly falling upon others, may light on my own head."

This superstitious Harangue, turn'd Tryphæna from hindring our punishment to hasten its execution. When she began afresh as highly to resent the former affronts that was offer'd her, as Lycas did the repute of his modesty that he had lost in the peoples esteem.

When Lycas found Tryphæna was with himself eagerly inclin'd to revenge, he order'd to increase our punishments, which when Eumolpus perceiv'd, he endeavour'd to mitigate after this manner.

"I pity the wretches," said he "that lie at your mercy. Lycas, they implore your compassion, and choosing me as a man not altogether unknown to 'em to perform the office, desire to be reconcil'd to them they once held most dear. Can you believe, 'twas by accident they fell into your hands, when all Passengers make it their chief business to enquire to whose care they are to trust themselves? When you are satisfied of their intentions, can you be so barbarous to continue your revenge, but suffer free-born men to go uninjur'd where they have design'd. Even barbarous and implacable Masters allay their cruelty when their Slaves repent; and all give quarter to the Enemy that surrenders himself. What can you, or will you desire more? You have at your feet repenting

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Supplicants; they're Gentlemen, and men of worth; and what's more prevailing than both, were once caress'd as your dearest friends. Had they rob'd you of your Money, or betray'd your trust, by Hercules the punishment they've inflicted on themselves might have satisfied your rage; don't you see the marks of Slaves on their Faces; who, though free, to atone their injuries to you, proscrib'd themselves."

"To avoid confusion," interrupted Lycas, "give me a reason for all particulars as I shall ask you; and first, if they came with design to surrender themselves, why did they cut off their hair? for all Disguises are assum'd rather to deceive than satisfie the injur'd.

"Next, if they expected to ingratiate themselves by their Embassadour, why have you endeavoured in everything, to conceal them you were to speak for? whence it plainly appears, 'twas by accident the offenders were brought to punishment, and that you have us'd this Artifice to divert our Suspicion. Sure you thought to raise our envy, by ringing in our ears, that they were Gentlemen, and Men of Worth; but have a care their cause don't suffer by your impudence; What shou'd the injur'd do when the guilty come to 'em to be punisht? And if they were my friends, they deserve to be more severely treated; for he that wrongs a stranger is call'd a Rogue, but he that serves a Friend so, is little less than a Parricide."

"I am sencible," said Eumolpus, answering this

dreadful Harangue, "that nothing cou'd happen to these unhappy young men more unfortunate than the cutting their hair off at midnight, which is the only argument that may perswade you to mistake their voluntary coming here, for accidental; but I shall as candidly endeavour to undeceive you, as it was innocently acted: before they imbarkt they had designs to ease their heads of that, as troublesome as useless weight, but the unexpected wind that hasten.'d us on board, made 'em defer it; nor did they suspect it to be of any Moment where 'twas done, being equally ignorant of the ill Omen, and Customs of Mariners."

"What advantage," reply'd Lycas, "cou'd they propose to themselves by the loss of their hair? unless they thought baldness might sooner raise our compassion: Or can you believe I wou'd be satisfy'd in your relation? when addressing himself to me, What Poyson, said he, thou Villain, has eat your hair off? To what God have your Sacrilegious hands offer'd it?"

The fear of punishment struck me speechless; nor cou'd I find any thing to urge in my defence against so plain an accusation. Then the confusion I was in, my disfigur'd face, with the equal baldness of my Head and Eye-brows, gave a ridiculous air to everything I said or did; but when they wip'd us with a wet Sponge, the Letters melting into one, spread o'er our Faces such a sooty cloud that turn'd Lycas's rage to a perfect loathing. Eumolpus cou'd not

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endure to see free-born men against all Law and Justice so abus'd, and returning their threats with blows, not only was our advocate but Champion too. He was seconded by his Man, and two or three sick Passengers appear'd our Friends, that serv'd rather to encourage us, than encrease our force.

Upon which I was so far from begging pardon, that without any respect I held my Fists at Tryphæna, and plainly told her she shou'd feel me, if her lecherous Ladship, who only in the Ship deserv'd to be punisht, was not content to decline her pretensions to Gito.

The Angry Lycas was all rage at my impudence; and very impatient of revenge when he found, without any concern for my own cause, I stood up for anothers.

Nor was Tryphæna less disturb'd at my contempt of her; at what time every one in the Vessel choose his side and put himself in a posture of defence.

On our side Eumolpus's Slave distributed the Instruments of his Trade, and reserv'd a Razor to defend his own person; on the other, Tryphæna and her Attendants advanc'd, armed with nothing but their Nails and Tongues; which last supply'd the want of Drums in their Army; when the Pilot, crying out, threaten'd he wou'd leave the Ship to the mercy of the waves if they continued the bustle rais'd about the lust of two or three Vagabonds.

This did not in the least retard the fight; they

pressing for revenge, we for our lives: In short, many fell half dead on both sides; others withdrew, as from greater Armies, to be drest of their Wounds; yet this damps not the rage of either side.

Then the bold Gito, drawing out that part of him Tryphæna most admired, clapt a bloody Razor to't, and threaten'd to cut away the cause of all our Misfortunes, but Tryphæna did not faintly send to prevent so cruel an act: I often offer'd at my Throat too, but with as little design to kill my self as Gito to do what he threaten'd: He the more boldly handl'd his because he knew it to be the same blunt Razor he had us'd before; which made Tryphæna very apprehensive of his Tragic intentions.

Upon this, both sides drew up their ranks, when the Pilot perceiving how Commical a War it was, with much ado was perswaded to let Tryphæna dispatch an Herald to capitulate: Articles immediately according to the Custom of Countries being mutually agreed off on both sides; Tryphæna snatcht an olive-branch, the Ensign of Peace, that stuck to the Image of Prosperity pictur'd in the Ship, and holding it in the midst of us, thus addrest her self.

“ What fury did these sudden broils engage,
How have their guiltless hands deserv'd your rage?
No Paris a stol'n Dame to Troy conveys,
No Witch Media here her Brother slays:
But slighted love must needs resenting be:

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And midst the waves who is the raging he
Now rob'd of Arms that can attempt my fate?
By whom is simple death so little thought?
Let not your murderous rage out storm the Seas,
And dangers of the angry waves increase."

When in a great heat Tryphæna had thus said, both Armies stood still a while, and reviving the Treaty of Peace, put a stop to the War. Our Captain Eumolpus prudently us'd the occasion of her repentance, and having first severely chastiz'd Lycas, sign'd the Articles, Which were as follow.

"Tryphæna, You do from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind, promise never to complain of any injury you have receiv'd from Gito; nor mention, upbraid him with, or study to revenge directly or indirectly any action of his before this day; and to prevent your forcing him to an unwilling compliance, be it further agreed, that you never kiss, coll, or bring him to a closer hug, without the forfeiture of 100 Denarii: And for better security, that you always pay your Mony, before you have your Ware.

"Item, You Lycas, from the bottom of your heart, as you are in perfect mind; do promise never to reproach, or insultingly treat Encolpius, either in Words, or Gestures: But, on the forfeiture of 200 Denarii for each time you abuse him, behind his back."

Conditions thus agreed on, we laid down our Arms: And, least any grudge might still remain, wipe off the memory of all things past, in repeated Kisses.

All Quarrels expir'd in universal shouts, and a Sumptuous Banquet that followed, spread equal Mirth through the whole Company: The Vessel rung with Songs, the Ensigns of their Joy: And the occasion of a sudden Calm, gave other diversions: Here a little Artist bob'd for Fish, that rising, seem'd with haste to meet their ruin: There another draws the unwilling Prey, that he had betray'd on the Hook, with an inviting Bait: When looking up, we saw Sea-Birds sitting on the Sail-Yard, about which, one skill'd in that Art having plac'd Lime-Twigs, made 'em his booty. Their downy Feathers, the Air whirl'd about: The other, the Sea vainly tost too and fro.

Now Lycas began to be friends with me: and Tryphæna, as a Mark of her Love, threw the bottom of her Wine upon Gito: At what time, Eumolpus, quite Drunk, aim'd at Rallery on those that were Bald and Branded; till having spent his life-less Stock, he return'd to his Verses; and designing an Elegy on the loss of Hair, thus began.

Nature's chief Ornament, the Hair is lost,
Those vernal Locks, feel Winter's blast:
Now the Bald Temples mown their Banish'd shade,

And Bristles shine o' the Sun-burnt Head.
The Joys, deceitful Nature does first pay
Our Age, it snatches first away.
Unhappy Mortal, that but now
The lovely grace of Hair, did'st know:
Bright as the Sun's or Cynthia's Beams,
Now worse than Brass, and only seems
Like th' Mushroom, that in Gardens springs.
From sporting Girls, you'll frighted run,
And that Death will the sooner come:
Know that part of your Head is gone.

He wou'd have condemn'd us to hear more, and I believe worse than the former; if an Attendant of Tryphœna, had not disturb'd him: who taking Gito aside, dress'd him up in her Mistresses Tower; and to restore him perfectly to his former Figure, drawing false Eye-brows out of her Patch-Box, placed 'em so exactly, Nature might have mistaken 'em for her own work.

At the sight of the true Gito, Tryphœna wept for joy: Who, not before, cou'd hug him with so real a satisfaction.

I was glad to see his loss so well repair'd: Yet, often hid my Head, as sensible I appear'd with no common deformity, whom even Lycas thought not worth speaking to: But 'twas not long e'er the same Maid came to my relief, and calling me aside, dress'd me in a Peruke no less agreeable: For being of Golden Locks, it rather improv'd my Complexion.

But, Eumolpus, our Advocate, and Reconciler, to

Entertain the Company, and keep up the Mirth, began to be pleasant on the inconstancy of Women: How forward they were to Love, how soon they forgot their Sparks: And that no woman was so Chast, but her untry'd Lust, might be rais'd to a Fury: Nor wou'd he bring instances from ancient Tragedies, or Personages celebrated in Antiquity: But Entertain us, if we wou'd please to hear, with a Story within the Circle of his own Memory: upon which the Eyes and Ears of all were devoted to him: Who thus began.

“There was at Ephesus a Lady, of so Celebrated virtue, that the Women of Neighbouring Nations came to join their admiration with that of her own Country: This Lady at the death of her Husband not content with tearing her Hair, or beating her Breast, those common expressions of grief; but following him into the Vault, where the Body plac'd in a Monument, she, after the Græcian Custom, watch'd the Corps, and whole Nights and Days continu'd weeping; the perswasions of Parents nor Relations cou'd divert her grief, or make her take anything to preserve life, the publick officers at last, she guarding the Body for 'em, left the Vault; and lamented by all for so singular an example of grief, liv'd thus five days without Eating,

“All left her but a faithful Maid, who with tears supply'd her afflicted Lady, and as often as the Lamp they had by, began to expire, renew'd the light; by

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this time she became the talk of the whole Town; and all degrees of Men confest, she was the only true example of Love and Chastity.

“In the meantime there happening a Trial of Criminals, the Condemn’d were order’d to be Crucify’d near the Vault in which the Lady was weeping o’re the Corps of her late Husband. The Soldier that guarded the Bodies lest any might be taken from the Cross and bury’d, the night after observ’d a light in the Vault, and hearing the Groans of some afflicted person, prest with a curiosity common to Mankind, he desired to know, who, or what it was? Upon which he enter’d the Vault, and seeing a very beautiful Woman, amaz’d at first, he fancy’d ’twas a spirit, but viewing the dead Body, and considering her tears and torn face, he soon guest, as it was, that the Lady cou’d not bear the loss of her Husband: he brings his Supper with him into the Vault, and began to perswade the mournful Lady not to continue her unnecessary grief, nor with vain complaints consume her health: That death was common to all Men; and many other things he told her, that use to restore afflicted persons to that calmness they before enjoy’d: But she mov’d anew at the comfort a stranger offer’d, redoub’d her grief, and tearing her Hair, cast it on the Body that lay before her.

“The Soldier however did not withdraw, but with the like invitations offer’d her somewhat to eat, till

her Maid o'recome, I presume, by the pleasing Scent of the Wine, no longer cou'd resist the Soldier's Courtesie. When refresht with the Entertainment she began to join her perswasions to win her Lady; 'and what advantage,' began she, 'wou'd you reap in starving your self? in burying your self alive? What wou'd it signifie to anticipate your fate?'

“ ‘D'ye think departed Souls will value it?’

“ ‘Will you, Madam, in spite of Fate, revive your Husband? Or will you shake off these vain complaints, the marks of our Sex's weakness, and enjoy the World while you may? The very Body that lyes there might make you envy life. We don't unwillingly obey when we're commanded to eat or live.’ The Lady now dry with so long fasting, suffer'd her self to be o'recome; nor was she less pleas'd with her Entertainment, than her Maid, that first surrendered. You know with what thoughts encouraging meats inspire young persons. With the same Charms our Souldier had won her to be in love with life, he address himself as a Lover; nor did his person appear less agreeable to the chaste Lady, than his conversation; and the Maid, to raise her opinion of him, thus apply'd her self:

“ ‘And arm'd with pleasing love dare you ingage,
E're you consider in whose Tents you are?’ ”

“ ‘To make short; nor even in this cou'd the Lady

deny him any thing: Thus our victorious Souldier succeeded in both; she receiv'd his Imbraces; not only that night they struck up the bargain, but the next and third day: Having shut the door of the Vault, that if any of her acquaintances or strangers had come out of curiosity to see her, they might have believ'd the most chaste of all Women, had expir'd on the body of her Husband. Our Souldier was so taken with his beautiful Mistress, and the privacy of injoying her, that the little Money he was Master of, he laid out for her Entertainment, and, as soon as 'twas night, convey'd it into the Vault.

“ In the mean time the Relations of one of the Malefactors, finding the Body unguarded, drew it from the Cross and bury'd it. The Souldier thus rob'd while he was in the Vault, the next day, when he perceiv'd one of the Bodies gone, dreading the punishment, he told the Lady what had happened; and, added that with his Sword he wou'd prevent the Judges Sentence; if so be she wou'd please to give him Burial, and make that place at once the fatal Monument of a Lover and a Husband.

“ ‘ The Lady, not less merciful than chast; ‘ Nor wou'd Heaven allow,’ said she, ‘ that I shou'd at once feel the loss of the only two in the world I hold most dear; I'd rather hang up the dead Body of the one, than be the wicked instrument of the other's death.’ Upon which she order'd her Husband's Body to be

taken out of the Coffin, and fixt to the Cross, in the room of that which was wanting: Our Souldier pursued the directions of the discreet Lady, and the next day the people wonder'd for what reason that Body was hung on the Cross."

The Seamen were pleas'd with the Story. Tryphœna not a little asham'd, lovingly apply'd her Cheek to Gito's, and hid her blushes: but Lycas wore an air of displeasure, and knitting his brows, said he, "if the Governour had been a just man, he ought to have restor'd the Husband's Body to his Monument, and hung the Woman on the Cross." I don't doubt it made him reflect on his own Wife, and the whole Scene of our Lust when we rob'd his Vessel. But the Articles he agreed to, oblig'd him not to complain; and the Mirth that ingag'd us gave him no opportunity to vent his Rage.

Tryphœna entertain'd her self in Gito's Arms, pressing oft his Neck with eager Kisses, and oft disposing his new Ornament, to make it appear more agreeable to his Face.

At this I was not a little out of Humour, and impatient of our new League, cou'd neither eat nor drink any thing: but with side-looks wisht a thousand Curses on them both; every kiss and every look she gave him, wounded me. Nor did I yet know whether I had more reason to repent the loss of my Mistress, or my Comrade; he having rob'd me of her; and she

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deluded him from my arms: Both were worse than death to me. And to compleat my misery, neither Tryphœna spoke to me as her acquaintance, and once grateful Lover; nor did Gito think me worth drinking to; or what's the least he cou'd, common discourse with him: I believe he was tender of the new return of her favours, and afraid to give her another occasion to fall out with him: Grief forc'd a flood of Tears from my Eyes, and I stiff'd my Complaints, till I was ready to expire.

When Lycas perceiv'd how well, tho' in this trouble my yellow ornament became me, he was inflam'd afresh; and viewing me with Lovers eyes, addressed himself as such, when laying aside the haughty brow of a Master, he put on the tender complacency of a Friend: but his endeavours were fruitless. At last meeting with an intire repulse, his love turning to a fury, he endeavour'd to ravish the favours he could not win by intreaty; at what time Tryphœna unexpectedly came in, and observing his wantonness; in the greatest confusion he hid his head, and ran from her.

Upon which the more lustful Tryphœna askt, and made me tell her, what those wanton Caresses meant; she was inspired with new heat at the relation; and mindful of our old Amours, offer'd to revive our former Commerce; but worn off my legs with those Employments, I gave her invitations but an ill return;

yet she with all the desires of a woman transported by her passion, threw her arms about me, and so closely lockt me in her Imbraces, I was forc'd to cry out; one of her Maids came in at the noise, and easily believing I wou'd force from her the favours I had deny'd her Mistress, rusht between, and loos'd the Bands: Tryphœna meeting with such a repulse, and even raging with desire, took it more grievous at my hands, and with threats at her going off, flew to Lycas; not only to raise his resentments against me, but to join with him in pursuit of revenge.

By the way observe, I had formerly been well receiv'd by this Attendant of Tryphœna, when I maintain'd a Commerce with her Mistress, upon that score she resented my converse with Tryphœna, and deeply sighing, made me eager to know the occasion; when she, stepping back, thus began, "If you had any sparks of the Gentleman in you, you'd value her no more than a common Prostitute; if you were a man you wou'd not descend to such a Jakes." These thoughts not a little disturb'd her; but I was asham'd of nothing more, than that Eumolpus, suspecting the occasion, shou'd in his next Verses make our suppos'd quarrel the Subject of his Drollery; and lest my care to avoid it shou'd prove no means of discovering it.

When I was contriving how to prevent his suspicion, Eumolpus himself came in, already acquainted with

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what was done; for Tryphœna had communicated her grief to Gito, and endeavour'd at his cost to compensate the injury I had offer'd her. Upon which Eumolpus was on fire, and the more, because her wantonness was an open breach of the Articles she had sign'd.

When the old Doctor saw me, pitying my misfortune, he desir'd to know the whole Scene from my self; I freely told him of the Gamesomeness of the lewd Lycas, and Tryphœna's lustful assault, that he was already well inform'd of; upon which, in a solemn Oath, he swore to vindicate our cause, and that Heaven was too just to suffer so many Crimes to go unpunisht.

While we were thus ingag'd a Storm arose; now thick Clouds, and th' inrag'd flood eclipst the day, the Seamen fly to their Posts as fast as fear cou'd make 'em; and, pulling down the Sails, leave the Vessel to the mercy of the Tempest; for the uncertain winds made them hopeless of any direct course; nor did the Pilot know which way to steer; sometimes the unguided Ship was forc'd on the Coast of Sicily, often by contrary Winds 'twas tost near Italy; and what was more dangerous than all, on a sudden the gathering Clouds spread such horrid darkness all around, that the Pilot cou'd not see over the Fore-castle; upon which all despair'd of Safety; when Lycas threw himself before me, and lifting up his trembling hands, "I beseech you Encolpius," began he, "assist the dis-

tress'd, that is restore the Sacred Vest and Timbrel you took from the Image of the Goddess Isis; be merciful as you are wont." At what time a Whirlwind snatcht him up, and threw him howling midst the flood, and soon a spiteful wave just shew'd him us, and drew him back again.

Tryphœna, hastily taken up by her faithful Attendants, and plac'd with her chief Goods in the Skiff, avoided a most certain death.

I, lockt in Gito's Arms, not without tears, cry'd out, "And this we have merited of Heaven, that only Death should joyn us; but even now I fear Fortune will be against it; for see the Waves threaten to o'erturn the Vessel; and now the Tempest comes to burst the lov'd bands that unite us; therefore if you really love Encolpius, let's kiss while we may, and snatch this last joy even in spite of our approaching Fate."

When I had thus said, Gito threw off his Mantle, and getting under mine, thrust his head out at top to reach my Lips; but that the most malicious Wave might not ravish us asunder, he girt himself to me with the Thong that bound his Wallet; and "'tis some comfort," said he, "to think that by this the Sea will bear us longer e're it can divorce us from each other's Arms. Or, if in compassion it shou'd throw us on the same Shore, either the next that passes by wou'd give us a Monument of Stone, that by the common Laws of Humanity he wou'd cas't upon us; or at least the

angry Waves, that seem to conspire our separation, wou'd unwittingly bury us in one grave, with the sand their rage wou'd vomit up." I was satisfy'd with my Chain, and, as on my Death-bed, did now contentedly expect the coming hour.

In the mean time the Tempest, acting the Decrees of Fate, had rent all the Rigging from the Vessel; no Mast, no Rudder left, not a Rope or Plank, but an awkward shapeless body of a Ship tost up and down the flood.

The Fisher-men that inhabited the Sea-side, expecting a Booty, in all haste put out with their Boats; but when they saw those in the Vessel that cou'd defend their own; they chang'd their design of pillaging to succouring.

After a salute on both sides, unwonted Murmurs, like that of some Beast, labouring to get out, proceeded from beneath the Master's Cabin; upon which, following the sound, we found Eumolpus sitting alone, and in his hand a large Scroll of Paper that he was filling, even to the Margent, with Verses; we all were amaz'd to see a Man amuse himself with Poetry, at a time when he had reason to think each minute wou'd be his last, and having drawn him, making a great noise, from his hole, we endeavour'd to recover him from his Frenzy; but he was in such a heat to be disturb'd, that "'Sdeath," said he, "let me make an end of this Couplet, it finishes the Poem"; on which I took hold

of the Mad Man, and order'd the still murmuring Poet to be hall'd on Shore.

When with some trouble we had got him on Shore, we very pensively enter'd one of the Fisher-men's Huts, and howe're we feasted on our Meats the Sea had corrupted, we had no comfortable night of 't.

The next day, as we were proposing how to bestow our selves, we discover'd an Human Body floating on a little Wave that made to Shore: I stood still concern'd, and began with more diligence to see, if what was presented to our view was real.

When, finding it to be a Mans: and "who knows," I cry'd out, "but this Wretch's Wife, in some part of the World, secure at home, may expect his coming; or perhaps a Son, ignorant of the fatal Storm, may wait the wisht arrival of his Father; who with so many Kisses seal'd his unwilling parting: These are our great designs! vain Mortals swell with promising hopes, yet there's the issue of them all! see the mighty Nothing how it's tost!"

When I had thus bemoan'd the Wretch, as one unknown, the Sea cast him on Land with his face, not much disfigur'd, toward Heaven; upon which I made up to it, and easily knew that the but now terrible and implacable Lycas was lying at my feet.

I could not restrain my Tears; but, beating my Breast, "Now where's," said I, "your Rage? where your unruly Passions? now you're expos'd a prey to

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Fish and Beasts; and the poor Shipwrackt wretch, with all his boasted power, now has not one Plank of the great Ship he proudly call'd his own. After this, let Mortals flatter themselves with Golden Dreams, let the weary Miser heap up ill-got Wealth for many years; 'twas but yesterday this lifeless thing was priding in its Riches, and had fixt the very day he thought to return. How short, alas! eyes the poor wretch of his design! but 'tis not the Sea only we should fear: one the Wars deceive; another by some accidental Ruin, even at the Altar, meets a Grave; third by a fall in running anticipates his arrival to the Goal; eating oft kills the Greedy; and Abstinence the Temperate. If we rightly consider it in this Sea of Life we may be Shipwrackt every where; but we vainly lament the want of Burial to a wretch that's drowned; as if it concern'd the perishing Carcass, whether Flames, Worms, or Fishes were its Cannibals. Whatever way you are consum'd, the end of all 's the same. But Fish, they object, will tear their Bodies; as if their Teeth were less gentle than the Flames; a punishment that we believe is the highest we can inflict on Slaves that have provok'd us; therefore what madness is 't to trouble our lives with the cares of our Burial after we're dead; when the best of us may meet the Fate he vainly strives with so much diligence to avoid?"

After these Reflections, we perform'd the last

office for the dead, and tho' his Enemies, honour'd him with a Funeral Pile; but while Eumolpus was making an Epitaph, his Eyes roam'd here and there, to find an Image that might raise his Fancy.

When we had willingly acquitted our selves of this piece of Humanity to Lycas, we pursu'd our design'd Journey, and all in a Sweat soon reacht the head of a neighbouring Hill, from whence we discovered a Town seated on the top of a high Mountain; we did not know it, till a Shepherd inform'd us 'twas Crotona; the most ancient and once most flourishing City of Italy; when we enquir'd of him what sort of People inhabited this renown'd place, and what kind of Commerce they chiefly maintain'd, since they were impoverish'd by so many Wars?

“Gentlemen,” said he, “if you have designs of Trading, you must go another way; but if you're of the admir'd sort of Men, that have the thriving qualifications of Lying and Cheating, you're in the direct path to business; for in this City no Learning flourisheth, Eloquence has not a room here; Temperance, Good Manners, nor any Virtue can meet a reward; assure your selves of finding but two sorts of Men, and they are the Cheated, and those that Cheat. A Father takes no care of his Children, because the having of Heirs is such a mark of Infamy, that he who is known in that Circumstance, dares not appear at any publick Game or Show, is deny'd

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all publick Priviledges, and only herds among those that all Men piss upon. But single Men, who have no tyes of Nature that oblige the disposal of their Wealth, are caress'd by all, and have the greatest Honours confer'd on 'em; they are the only Valorous, the only Brave; nay, and only innocent too. You're going to a City," added he, "like a Field in a Plague-time, where you can observe nothing but one Man devouring another, as Crows dead Carcasses."

The prudent Eumolpus, as a thing so surprizingly new, began to be thoughtful, and confest that way to riches did not displease him. I believ'd it the effect of a Poetick Gaiety, that had not left his years. When, "I wish," continued he, "I cou'd maintain a greater figure, as well in Habit as Attendants, 'twou'd give a better colour to my pretences: By Hercules, I'd throw by the Wallet, and soon advance all our Fortunes."

Promising therefore to supply his wants, "we have with us," said I, "the Sacred Vest of Isis, and all the Booty we made at Lycurgus's Village; and you have given me such hopes, Eumolpus," added I, "that were the Goddess her self in my power, I'd pawn her for Money to carry on the design."

Upon which, said Eumolpus, "why delay we the bringing of our hands in use? and if you like the Proposal let me be called your Master."

None e're condemned a project that was no charge

to him; therefore to be true to his interests, we engag'd in an Oath before we wou'd discover the Cheat to suffer ten thousand Racks; and thus like free-born Gladiators selling our Liberty, we Religiously devoted both Soul and Body to our new Master.

After the Solemn Ceremonies of our Oath were ended; like Slaves, at a distance, we salute the Master of our own making. When beginning to exercise his Authority, he commanded us to report that our ancient Lord (meaning him) griev'd at the loss of a Son, who was a great Orator and comfort to his age, was unhappily forc'd to quit the place of his Abode, lest the daily Salutes of those that expected Preferment under him, or Visits of his Companions, might be the continual occasions of Tears; and the late Shipwrack had added to his grief, having lost to the value of twenty thousand Crowns; tho' he was not so much concern'd at the loss of his Money, as of his large Retinue; that, he fear'd, would make them not proportion their thoughts to his greatness; and to add, that our Lord had Mortgages on half the Estates in Africa, and mighty Sums at use on Personal Security; and cou'd raise of his own Gladiators, disperst about Numidia, a Force able to Plunder Carthage.

After this, that his Actions might agree with his condition, 'twas concluded necessary to wear an air of discontent; that he should with a stately stiffness, like Quality, often Cough, and spit about the Room;

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that his words might come the more faintly from him; that in the eye of the world he shou'd refuse to eat or drink; ever talking of Riches, and sometimes, to confirm their belief, shou'd break into these words; Strange that such or such a Seat shou'd disappoint my expectation, that us'd to be blest with so large an increase! And that nothing might be wanting to compleat the humour, as often as he had occasion to call any of us, he shou'd use one name for another; that it might easily appear how mindful the Lord was even of those Servants he had left in Africk.

Matters thus order'd, having, as all that wou'd thrive in the world, implor'd the assistance of Heaven, we began our march, but both Gito did not like his new slavery, and Eumolpus's hir'd Servant, bearing most of our Baggage, in a little time beginning to be uneasie in his service, wou'd often rest his burden; and with ten thousand wry looks, and as many curses for our going so fast, at last swore he would either leave his charge, or go quite away with 't. "'Sdeath," said he, "d'ye think I'm a Pack-horse, or a Dray, that you load me thus? I was hir'd for a Man, not a horse; nor am I less a Gentleman by birth than any of you all; tho' my Father left me in a mean condition." Nor content with reproaches, but getting before us, he lift up one Leg, and, venting his Choler at the wrong end, filled our Nostrils with a beastly Scent.

Gito mockt his humour, and for every crack he gave, return'd the like, that one ill-scent might stifle another.

But, even here, Eumolpus returning to his old humour: "Young men," began he, "this Poetry deceives many; for not only every one that is able to give a Verse its numbers, and spin out his feeble sence in a long train of words, has the Vanity to think himself inspir'd; but Pleaders at the Bar, when they wou'd give themselves a loose from business, apply themselves to Poetry, as an Entertainment without trouble; believing it easier to compile a Poem than maintain a Controversie, adorn'd with a few florid Sentences. But neither will a generous Spirit affect the empty sound of words; nor can a mind, unless enricht with Learning, be deliver'd of a birth of Poetry; there must be the purity of Language, no Porterly expression, or meanness, as I may call it, of words is to be admitted; but a stile perfectly above the common, and with Horace,—

" 'Scorn the Unletter'd Herd,
And drive 'em from you.'

" Besides, you must be strictly diligent, that your Expressions appear of a piece with the Body of the Discourse, and your Colours so laid, that each may contribute to the beauty of the whole. Greece has given us a Homer and the Lyricks for Examples

Rome a Virgil and an Horace; the purity of whose Language is so happily correct, others either never saw the path that leads to Poetry, or seeing, were afraid to tread it. To describe the Civil Wars of Rome would be a Master-Piece, the unletter'd head that offers at it, will sink beneath the weight of so great a work; for to relate past Actions, is not so much the business of a Poet, as an Historian; the boundless Genius of a Poet strikes through all Mazes, introduces Gods, and puts the Invention on the rack for Poetick Ornaments; that it may rather seem a Prophetick fury, than a strict relation, with witnesses of meer truth. As for example, this rapture, tho' I have not given it the last hand.

“ Now Rome reign'd Empress o're the Vanquish'd
Ball,

As far as Earth and Seas, obey'd by all:
Uneasie yet, with more desires she's curst,
And boundless, as her Empire, is her thirst.
In Burden'd Vessels now they travelled o're
The furrow'd deep to Seas unknown before:
And any hidden part of Land or Sea,
That Gold afforded, was an Enemy.
Thus Fate the Seeds of Civil Fury rais'd,
When great in wealth no common pleasure pleas'd.
Delights more out of fashion by the Town:
Th' Souldiers Scarlet now from Spain must come;
The Purple of the Sea contemn'd is grown.
India with Silks, Africk with Precious Stone,
Arabia with its Spices hither come,
And with their Ruin raise the pride of Rome.

But other Spoils, destructive to her Peace,
Rome's ruin bode, and future ills encrease:
Through Libyan Desarts are wild Monsters chas'd,
And the remotest parts of Africk trac'd:
Where the Unwieldy Elephant that's ta'en,
For fatal value of his Tooth is slain.
Uncommon Tygers are imported here,
And led Triumphant in the Theatre;
Where, while devouring Jaws on Men they try,
The People Clap to see their Fellows die.
But oh! who can without a blush relate
The horrid scene of their approaching Fate?
When Persian Customs, fashionable grown,
Made Nature start, and her best work disown,
Male Infants are divorc'd from all that can,
By timely progress ripen into Man.
Thus Circling Nature dampt, a while restrains
Her hasty Course, and a Pause remains;
Till working a return t'her wonted Post,
She seeks her self, and to her self is lost.
The Herd of Fops the frantick Humour take,
Each keeps a Capon, loves its mincing Gate,
Its flowing Hair, and striving all it can,
In changing Mode and Dress, t' appear a Man.
Behold the Wilder Luxury of Rome,
From Africk Furniture, Slaves, Tables come,
And Purple Carpets made in Africk Loom.
Thus their Estates run out, while all around
The Sot-companions in their Wine are drown'd;
The Souldier loads, neglected is his Sword,
With all his Spoils the dearly noble Board:
Rome's Appetite grows witty, and what's caught
In Sicily, to their Boards are living brought:
But Stomachs gorg'd, (a dearer Luxury)
Must with Expensive Sauce new hunger buy.
The Phasian Banks, the Birds all eaten, gone,

OF PETRONIUS

With their forsaken Trees in silence moan,
And have no Musick but the Winds alone.
In Mars's Field no less a Frenzie reigns,
Where Brib'd Assemblies make a Prey of Gains.
Their servile Votes obey the Chink of Gold,
A People and a Senate to be sold!
The Senate's self, which should our Rights
 maintain,
From their free spirits, stoop to sordid Gain,
The power of right by Gold corrupted dies,
And trampled Majesty beneath it lies:
Cato's pretence the Giddy Rout neglect,
Yet did not him, but him they rais'd deject:
Who, tho' he won, with conscious blushes stands,
Asham'd o' th' Power he took from worthier hands.
O Manners, Ruin, and the People's shame!
He suffer'd not alone, the Roman Name,
Virtue and Honour to their Period came.
Thus wretched Rome does her own ruin share,
At once the Merchant, and at once the Ware,
All Lands are Mortgag'd, and all Persons bound,
And in the Use the Principal is drown'd.
Thus Debt's a Feaver, and like that disease,
Bred in our Bowels, by unfelt degrees
Will through our thirsty Vitals ev'ry Member seize.
Wild Tumults now to Arms for succour call,
(For what may dare and never fear a fall.)
Wasted by Riot, Wealth's a putrid Sore,
That only Wounds can its lost strength restore.
What rules of Reason, or soft gentle ways,
Rome from this Lethargy of Vice can raise?
Where such mild Arts can no impression make,
War, Tumult, Noise and Fury must awake.
Fortune one Age with three great Chiefs supply'd,
Who different ways, by the Sword that rais'd 'em
 dy'd;

Crassus's Blood, Asia; Africk, Pompey's shed;
 In Thankless Rome, the Murder'd Cæsar bled.
 Thus as one Soil alone too narrow were,
 Their Glorious Dust, and great Remains to bear,
 O're all the Earth their scatter'd ruin lyes;
 Such Honours to the Mighty dead arise.
 'Twixt Naples and Puteoli there is,
 Deep in the Gaping Earth, a dark Abys,
 Where runs the raging black Cocytus stream,
 That from its Waters sends a Sulphurous stream,
 Which spreads its fury round the Blasted Green,
 O're all the fatal compass of its breath,
 No Verdant Autumn Crowns the fruitful Earth;
 No blooming Woods with Vernal Songs resound,
 Nothing but Black Confusion all around,
 Where lonely Rocks in dismal quiet mourn,
 Which aged Cypress dreadfully adorn.
 Here Pluto rais'd his head, and through a Cloud
 Of Fire and smoke, in this Prophetick Mood,
 To Giddy Fortune spoke,——
 All ruling Power,
 You love all Change, and quit it soon for more;
 You never like what too securely stands;
 Does Rome not tire your faint supporting hands?
 How can you longer bear the sinking Frame,
 The Roman Youth now hate the Roman Name.
 See all around Luxuriant Trophies lye,
 And their encreasing Wealth new ills supply.
 Golden aspiring Piles here Heav'n invade,
 There on the Sea encroaching Bounds are made.
 Where Fields contriving as from Waters sprung,
 Inverted Nature's injur'd Laws they wrong.
 So deep the Caverns in the Earth some make,
 They threat my Empire, and my Regions shake;
 While to low Quarries others sink for Stone;
 And Hollow Rocks beneath their fury groan.

OF PETRONIUS

Proud with the hopes to see another day,
M' infernal Subjects 'gin to disobey:
Fortune be kind, still I'le their fure dare,
Turn all your Smiles, and stir up Rome to war,
And a new Colony of Souls prepare.
Our sooty Lips no blood have taste,
With thirst Tisiphone's dry Throat does wast.
Since Sylla's Sword let out the Purple flood,
And guilty Earth grew fruitful from the blood.
The black grim God did thus to Fortune say,
Reaching her hand, the yielding Earth gave way;
The fickle Goddess, thus returning, said,
Father, by all beneath this Earth obey'd,
If dangerous Truths may be with safety told,
My thoughts with yours a just proportion hold:
No less a rage this willing breast inspires,
Nor am I prest with less inflam'd desires;
I hate the Blessings that to Rome I lent,
And of my Bounty, now abus'd, repent:
Thus the proud height of Rome's aspiring Wall,
By the same dreadful God 'twas rais'd, shall fall.
Their Blood I'll offer as a Sacrifice,
T' appease the Ghost of their departed Vice.
I already see Fharsalian Armies slain,
The Funeral Piles of Thessaly and Spain:
Egypt and Libya's Groans methinks I hear,
The dismal sound of arms now strikes my ear,
An Actian Sea-fight, and retreating fear.
Make wide the entrance of your thirsty Soil,
New spirits must i' th' mighty Harvest toil;
Charon's too narrow Boat can ne're convey,
Scarce a whole Fleet will waft the Souls away;
Pale Furies be with the vast ruin Crown'd,
And fill'd with Blood, remangle every Wound.
The Universal Fabrick of the World,
Rent and divided, to your Empire's hurl'd.

She scarce had spoke; e'er from a Cloud there flies
 A blasting flame, that bursting shook the Skyes;
 At Jove's avenging Thunder, to his Hell,
 From the clos'd Earth, affrighted Pluto fell.
 When soon the angry Gods their Omens show,
 That bode destruction and approaching woe:
 Astonishment surpriz'd the darkned Sun,
 As if the War already were begun;
 Approaching Ills the conscious Cynthia knew,
 And blushing, from impiety withdrew.
 With hideous noise the falling Mountains cleave;
 And streams repulst their usual courses leave.
 Ingaging Armies in the Clouds appear,
 And Trumpets raising Mars himself to War.
 Now Ætna's flames with an usual roar
 Vomit huge Bolts of Thunder in the Air,
 Amidst the Tombs and Bones without their Urns,
 Portending Spirits send up dismal groans:
 A Comet's seen with Stars unknown before,
 And Jove descending in a Bloody show'r:
 The God these Wonders did in short unfold,
 Cæsar their Ills no longer shou'd with-hold.
 Impatient of revenge, quit Gallick Jars,
 And draw his conquering Sword for Civil Wars.
 In Cloudy Alps, where the divided Rock
 To cunning Grecians did its Nerves unlock,
 Altars devoted to Alcides smoke.
 The Temple with eternal Ice is Crown'd,
 Whose milky top so far in Clouds is drown'd;
 You'd think its Shoulders in the Heavens bound
 Not the warm rays of a Meridian Sun,
 Or the hot Southern Winds can melt it down.
 So fixt with Ice and Snows it did appear,
 That its aspiring top the Globe might bear.
 Here Conquering Cæsar leads his joyful Bands,
 And on the proudest Cliff consid'ring stands.

The distant Plains of Italy surveys,
 And, Hands and Voice to Heaven directed, says
 Almighty Jove and you, Saturnia, found,
 Safe by my arms, oft with my Triumph's Crown'd,
 Witness these Arms unwillingly I wear,
 Unwillingly I come to wage this War,
 Compell'd by injuries too great to bear.
 Banisht my Country, while I make the Flood,
 That laves the Rhine, run Purple all with blood.
 While the Gauls, ripe our Rome to re-invade,
 I force to skulk behind their Alps afraid:
 By Conquering my Banishment's secur'd.
 Are sixty Triumphs not to be endur'd?
 A German Conquest reckon'd such a fault?
 By whom is Glory such a Monster thought?
 Or who the vile supporters of this War?
 A foreign Spawn, a Mobb in Arms appear,
 At once Rome's scandal, and at once her care.
 No slavish Soul shall bind this Arm with Chains,
 And unreveng'd triumph it o're the Plains.
 Bold with success still to new Conquests lead,
 Come, my Companions, thus my Cause I'le plead,
 The Sword shall plead our cause, for to us all
 Does equal guilt, and equal danger, call:
 Oblig'd by you I conquer'd, not alone.
 Since to be punisht is the Victor's Crown,
 Fortune invokt begin the offer'd War,
 My Cause is pleaded when you bravely dare,
 With such an Army, who success can fear.
 Thus Cæsar spoke: from the propitious sky
 Descending Eagles, boding Victory,
 Drive the slow winds before 'em as they Fly.
 From the left side of a dark Wood proceed
 Unwonted crys, which dying, flames succeed.
 The Sun-beams with unusual brightness rise
 And spread new Glories round the gilded Skies.

New fir'd with Omens of the promis'd day,
Cæsar o're untrod Mountain leads the way;
Where th' Frozen Earth o're-clad with Ice and
 Snows,
At first not yielding to their Horses blows,
A dreadful quiet in dull stiffness shows.
But when their trembling Hoofs had burst the
 Chain,
And soften'd milky Clouds of hardned rain;
So quick the melted Snows to Rivers run,
That soon a deluge from the Mountains sprung.
But thus you'd think 'twere done by Fates decrees,
For the Flood stopt, and Billows rising Freeze,
And yielding Waves but now are Rocks of Ice.
The slippery passage now their feet betray,
When soon in miserable heaps o' th' way,
Men, Horse, Arms, in wild confusion lay.
Now pregnant Clouds, with whirling blasts are
 torn,
And, bursting, are deliver'd of a Storm:
Large Stones of Hail the troubl'd Heavens shoot,
That by tempestuous winds are whirl'd about;
So thick it pours, whole Clouds of Snow and Hail,
Like Frozen Billows, on their Armour fall:
The Earth lay vanquished under mighty Snow,
An Icy damp the vanquisht Heavens know,
And vanquisht Waters now no longer flow.
Thus all but Cæsar yield; on his huge Lance
The Hero leaning, did secure advance.
Alcmena's Son did less securely rush,
From the proud height of rising Caucasus;
Or Jove himself, when down the steep he prest
Those Sons of Earth, that durst his Heaven molest.
While raging Cæsar scales th' aspiring height,
Big with the news, Fame takes before her flight:
And from Mount Palatine approaching ill,

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To frighted Rome, thus dreadfully she tells:
A numerous Fleet is riding o'er the Main,
The melted Alps are hid with Cæsar's Train.
That reeking from a German Conquest come,
And with a like destruction threaten Rome.
Now Arms, Blood, Death, and dismal Scenes of
War,

Are to their Eyes presented by their fear;
With dreadful thoughts of coming War possest,
A wilder tumult rains in every breast.
This flies by Land, and that the Sea prefers,
And thinks his native soil less safe appears,
The Souldier trusts the Fortune of the Wars.
Prest by their Fate, thus as they fear they run.
'Midst these disorders, through th' abandon'd
Town:

A moving sight, wild tumults here and there,
Follow the blind impulses of their fear.
Vanquisht by rumour all, prepar'd for flight,
Their much lamented Habitations quit:
Trembling, this takes his Children in his Arms,
And that protects his Guardian Gods from harm.
Scar'd from their homes, unwillingly they go,
And in their wishes stab the absent Foe.
Some bear their Wives, amidst ten thousand fears,
In sad imbrace; and some their aged Sires:
The tender Youth, unus'd to Burdens, bear
Only that with 'em for which most they fear:
Some less discreet, strive to bear all away,
And only for the Foe prepare the Prey.
So in a Storm when no Sea-arts avail
To guide the Ship with any certain sail;
Some bind the shatter'd Mast, with thoughts
secure,
Others are swimming t'ward the peaceful shore;
While with full sails kind Fortune these implore.

But why do we of such small fears complain,
With both the Consuls greater Pompey ran,
That Asia aw'd, in dire Hydaspes grown
The only Rock, its Pyrates split upon;
Whose third Triumph o're Earth made Jove afraid,
Proud with success he'd next his Heaven invade:
To whom the ocean yielding honours gave,
And rougher Bosphorus humbly still'd his wave.
Yet he, of Empires and of Men the shame,
Quitting the honour of a Ruler's name,
Meanly at once abandon'd Rome and Fame.
Now this to Heaven it self does fears impart,
And the mild train of quiet Gods depart;
Frighted with Wars they quit the impious World,
And leave Mankind in wild confusion hurl'd.
Fair Peace, as leader of the Goodly Train,
Beating her Snowy Arms, did first complain;
A wreath of olives bound her drooping head,
And to Hell's dark insatiate Realms she fled.
Justice and Faith on her attending went,
And mournful Concord, with her Garment rent.
On th' other side from Hell's wide gaping Jaws,
A Train of dire Inhabitants arose:
Dreadful Errings, fierce Bellona there,
Fraud, and Megera arm'd with brands of fire,
And th' Gastly Image of pale death appear:
Disorder'd Rage from all her Fetters freed,
Proudly 'midst these lifts her distracted head,
And her hackt face with bloody Helmet hid.
On her left arm a Target old and worn,
Pierc'd with innumerable Darts was born,
And brands of fire supported in her right,
The impious World with flames and ruin threat.
The Gods descending, leave their still abode,
And the Stars wondring miss their usual Load;
For all the Inhabitants of Heaven come,

Choosing their sides, with factious fury down.
For Cæsar first Dione does appear,
Pallas and Mars with his huge brandisht Spear;
Phœbe and Phœbus too for Cæsar came,
And with Cyllenius, to fill the Train,
Alcides went, in all his acts the same.
The Trumpets sound, when from the Stygian shade
Wild Discord raises her disorder'd head;
From whose swoln Eyes there ran a briny flood,
And Blood congeal'd o're all her Visage stood;
Her hideous rows of Brazen Teeth were furr'd,
A filthy Gore there issu'd from her tongue,
With Snaky Locks her Guarded head was hung;
Rent and divided did her Garb betray
The Image of the Breast on which it lay;
And brandisht Flames her trembling hand obey.
Thus from Hell's deeps she past with dire design,
Up to the top of Noble Appennine,
From whose proud height she all the World descri'd
Earth, Seas, and Armies march on every side,
And bursting out at length, with fury cry'd,
Let murderous rage the World to Arms inspire,
That every Nation may appear a fire:
No age or sex shall from the War be free,
No subtle Fear be a security.
The Earth it self shall tremble, and the shock
Make Mountains cleft against each other knock.
Marcellus guide the Laws, Curio the Crowd,
Let Lentulus inspire the Warlike God.
But why is't Cæsar such slow measures takes?
Not scale the Walls? Nor force th' aspiring Gates,
Nor to the Town, nor to the Treasure makes?
At Rome, if Pompey fears th' approaching Foe,
Let him to fatal Epidamnum go:
Fill all its Plains with blood. Thus Discord said,
And impious earth her black Decrees obey'd."

When Eumolpus, with his usual freedom, had deliver'd himself of this, we arrived at Crotona; where having refresht our selves in a little Inn, we took up at the next day, designing an Enlargement of our House and Fortune, we fell into the company of some Parasitical Corbacchio's who immediately enquir'd what we were and whence we came? When, according to our contrivance, prudently advancing our Characters, we told the credulous Parasites whence we came, and who we were. Upon which, immediately all their Fortunes were at Eumolpus's Feet; and each, to ingratiate himself into his favour, strove to exceed the rest in presenting him.

While this Flood of Fortune was for a long time flowing on us, Eumolpus, 'midst his happiness, having lost the memory of his former condition, so boasted his Interest, that he affirm'd, none in Crotona cou'd resist his desires; and that what e're Crime any of us shou'd act, he had Friends enough to wipe off the Guilt.

But, tho' our daily increasing Riches, left my pamper'd body no desire unsatisfy'd; and tho' I flatter'd my self into an opinion that ill Fortune had taken her last leave of me, yet not only the thoughts of my present condition, but the means of getting to 't, wou'd oft break in upon my Joys, and bitter all the sweet. "And what," said I to myself, "if some one, wiser than the rest, shou'd dispatch a Messenger

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for Africk; shou'd not we soon be discover'd? What if the Slave Eumolpus, pickt up, gluttet with his present happiness, shou'd betray us to his Companions, and maliciously discover the whole Cheat? We should then be put upon the strole again, and be oblig'd with shame to renew our former beggary. Heavens, how ill it fares with wicked lives! they ever expect the punishment they deserve."

Going out full of these thoughts to divert my concern, I resolv'd on a Walk, but I had scarce got into a publick one, e're a pretty Girl made up to me, and calling me Polyæmus, told me her Lady wou'd be proud of an opportunity to speak with me.

"You're mistaken, Sweet-heart," return'd I, in a little heat, "I'm but a Servant, of another Country too, and not worthy of so great a favour."

"No, Sir," said she, "I have commands to you; but because you know what you can do, you're proud; and if a Lady wou'd receive a favour from you, I see she must buy it: For to what end are all those allurements, forsooth? the Curl'd Hair, the Complexion advanc'd by a Wash, and the wanton roll of your Eyes, the study'd Air of your Gate? unless by shewing your Parts, to invite a Purchaser? For my part I am neither a Witch, nor a Conjuror, yet can guess at a Man by his Physiognomy. And when I find a Spark walking, I know his Contemplation. To be short, Sir, if so be you are one of them that sell their

Ware, I'll procure you a Merchant; but if you're a Courteous Lender, confer the benefit. As for your being a Servant, and below, as you say, such a favour, it increases the flames of her that's dying for you. 'Tis the wild Extravagance of some Women to be in love with Filth, nor can be rais'd to an appetite but by the Charms, forsooth of some Slave or Lacquy; some can be pleased with nothing but the strutting of a Prize-fighter with a Hackt-face, and a Red Ribbon in his Shirt: Or an Actor betray'd to prostitute himself on th' Stage, by the Vanity of showing his pretty Shapes there; of this sort is my Lady; who indeed," added she, "prefers the paulty Lover of the Upper Gallery, with his dirty Face, and oaken Staff, to all the fine Gentlemen of the Boxes, with their Patches, Gunpowder-spots, and Tooth-pickers." When pleas'd with the Humour of her Talk, "I beseech you, Child," said I, "are you the she that's so in love with my person?" Upon which the Maid fell into a fit of Laughing. "I wou'd not," return'd she, "have you so extreamly flatter your self. I never yet truckl'd to a waiter, nor will Venus allow I shou'd imbrace a Gibbet. You must address your self to Ladies that kiss the Ensigns of Slavery; be assur'd that I, though a Servant, have too fine a tast to converse with any below a Knight." I was amaz'd at the relation of such unequal passions, and thought it miraculous to find a Servant, with the scornful pride

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of a Lady, and a Lady with the humility of a Servant.

Our pleasant Discourse continuing, I desir'd her to bring her Lady: she readily consented, and taking hold of her Petticoats, tript it into a Lawrel Labyrinth, that border'd on the Walk; 'twas not long e're she usher'd her Lady to me; a Beauty excelling even the flattery of Painters; words can't express so perfect a Creature; whatever I shou'd say of her wou'd fall short of what she was. Her Hair spread all o're her Shoulders, and seem'd in easie Curls to wanton in the Air. Her Forehead oval, and that naturally inclin'd the Hair to its advantage. The proportion of her Eye-brows was most correct. Her Eyes eclypst the Glory of the brightest Star. Her Nose had an easie turn, and Mouth was such Praxiteles believ'd Venus had. Then her Chin, her Neck, her Arms, and Feet, gently girt with Embroider'd Sandals, to whose whiteness the Parian Marble wou'd serve but as a foil. 'Twas then I began to despise my old Mistress Doris. And thus broke out:

“ Sure amorous Jove's a holy tale above;
With fancy'd arts that wait upon his love,
When we are blest with such a charm as this,
And he no Rival of our happiness:
How well the Bull wou'd now the God become:
Or his Grey-hairs to be transform'd to Down?
Here's Danae's self, a touch from her wou'd fire
And make the God in Liquid joys expire.”

She was pleas'd, and smil'd with such an air, that, she seem'd like the Moon in all her Glories breaking through a Cloud; when addressing her self, her pretty Fingers humouring the turn of her Voice, "If a fine Woman, and that but this year, has been acquaint'd with a Man," said she, "may deserve your love, let me commend a Mistress to you. I am sensible you have a Comrade already, nor have I thought it below me to inquire it: But why not a Mistress too? I enter the List on the same bottom with your Comrade; nor do I desire to engross all the Caresses; only think me deserving, and confer them as you please."

"Let me beseech you, Madam," return'd I, "by all those Cupids in your Face and Meen, not to scorn to admit a stranger into the number of your Admirers. You'l find him most Religious, if you accept his Devotions, and that you shou'd not suspect I believe the way to this Heaven, unlike all others, may be trod Gratis, I present you with my Comrade."

"What?" said she, "do you give him without whom you cou'd not live? On whose lips your very Being hangs? Whom you so love, as I cou'd you." Her words were attended with such a Grace at their delivery, and the sweet sound so charm'd the yielding air, you wou'd have sworne some Syren had been breathing Melodies. Thus rapt with every thing so amazing, and fancying a Glory shin'd in every part, I ventur'd to enquire what name the Goddess own'd?

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“My Maid, I perceive,” said she, “has not inform’d you, I am call’d Circe; I would not have you believe tho’ I bear that name, that I derive my original from Apollo; nor that my Mother, while she lay in the God’s Imbraces, held the fiery Steeds: Yet I shall know enough of Heaven, if Fate will give you to my Arms. And who knows the dark Decrees? Therefore come, my Dear, and Crown my Wishes. Nor need you fear any Malicious disturbance of our Joys. Your Comrade is far enough from hence.”

Upon which she threw her Downy Arms about me, and led me to a Plat of Ground, the Pride of Nature, deckt with a gay variety of every pleasing object.

On Ida’s top, when Jove his Nymph carest,
And Lawless in open view exprest:
His Mother Earth in all her Charms was seen,
The Rose, the Violet, the sweet Jessamin,
And the fair Lily smiling on the Green.
Such was the Plat on which my Venus lay,
But secret our love, more Glorious the Day,
When all around was bright, and as the Nymph
as Gay.

Here we prepar’d for Battel, and through ten thousand Kisses prest to a closer engagement; but a sudden weakness rob’d me of my arms. Thus cheated in her expectation, she highly resenting it, asks whether her Lips, her Breath, or some ill scent of any part of

her, offended me? Or, if none of those, whether I fear'd Gito?

I was so asham'd of my self, that if there was any spark of the Man left in me, I lost it. And finding every part of me feeble, and as it were lifeless: "I beseech you, Madam," said I, "don't triumph over my misery; I 'm surely bewitcht."

So slight an excuse could not allay her resentment, but giving me a disdainful glance, she turn'd to her Maid, and, "I prithee Chrysis," said she, "be free with me, don't flatter your Mistress. Is there any thing misbecoming or ungentle about me? Or have I us'd Art to hide any natural deformity? I don't know how you've drest me to-day."

Upon which, e're Chrysis cou'd make a return, she snatcht a Pocket-glass from her, and after she had practis'd all her Looks, to try if any appear'd less charming than before, she took hold of her Petticoats that were a little rump'd with lying on, and immediately ran to a Neighbouring Temple dedicated to Venus.

I could not tell what to say or do, but as if I had seen a Vision, at last began with horror to consider whether I had been rob'd of any real joy.

So when a Dream our wandring Eyes betrays,
And to our side some hidden Gold conveys;
Our busie hands the inviting Treasure seize,
And hid in guilty folds the fancy'd prize.

Sweating we fear lest any conscious spy,
Might search our bosom, and the theft descry.
But with our sleep when all our joys are o're,
And minds restor'd to what they were before,
Concern'd, we wish the fancy'd Loss regain'd,
And with the Image still are entertain'd.

This misfortune might make me justly think it not only a true Vision, but real Witchcraft; for I had so long lost my strength I cou'd not rise: My mind at last, a little freed, began by degrees to recover its vigour, upon which I went to my Lodging, and dissembling a faintness, lay down on the bed. A little after Gito, being inform'd I was ill, came to me, much troubl'd; but to allay his concern, I told him I was only a little weary, and had a mind for a Nap. Several things I talkt to him of, but not a word of my last adventure, for I was afraid because I knew he envy'd every one that had a Charm for me, and to prevent his suspicion, throwing my Arms about him, I endeavour'd to give a proof of my love; but disappointed of the expectation I had rais'd him to, he rose very angry from my side, and accusing my weakness, and strange behaviour to him, told me that of late he had found my chief favours were bestow'd in another's Arms.

“My Love to you, Gito,” said I, “has ever been the same, but now my Dancing-days submit to reason.”

“Therefore,” said he, Laughing at me, “in the name of Socrates, I thank you, because like him, you propose to love me: Alcibiades, Encolpius, did not rise a Virgin from that Philosopher’s side.”

“Then,” added I, “believe me, Gito, I hardly know I’ve any thing of Man about me, how useless lyes the terrible part, where once I was Achilles.”

When he found how unfit I was to confer the Favours he wanted, and to prevent a Suspicion, of his privacy with me, he jumpt up and ran to another part of the House.

He was hardly gone, e’re Chrysis enter’d my Chamber, and gave me a Billet from her Mistress, in which I found this written:

“Had I rais’d my expectation, I might deceiv’d complain; now I’m obliged to your impotence, that has made me sensible how much too long I have triff’d with mistaken hopes of pleasure. Tell me, Sir, how you design to bestow your self, and whether you dare rashly venture home on your own Legs? for no Physician ever allow’d it cou’d be done without strength. Let me advise your tender years to beware of a Palsie: I never saw any body in such danger before. On my Conscience you are just going! and shou’d the same rude Chilliness seize your other parts, I might be soon, alas! put upon the severe trial of weeping at your Funeral. But if you would not suspect me of not being Sincere, tho’ my resentment can’t equal the injury, yet I shall not envy the Cure of a weak unhappy Wretch. If you wou’d recover your strength, ask Gito, or rather not ask him for’t—I can assure a return of your vigour

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if you cou'd sleep three nights alone: As to myself I am not in the least apprehensive of appearing to another less Charming than I have to you. I am told neither my glass nor report does flatter me. Farewell, if you can."

When Chrysis found I had read the reproach, "This is the custom, Sir," said she, "and chiefly of this City, where the Women are skill'd in Magick-charms, enough to make the Moon confess their power, therefore the recovery of any useful Instrument of Love becomes their care; 'tis only writing some soft tender things to my Lady, and you make her happy in a kind return. For 'tis confest, since her Disappointment, she has not been her self." I readily consented, and calling for Paper, thus address myself:

" 'Tis confest, Madam, I have often sinned, for I'm not only a Man, but a very young one, yet never left the Field so dishonourably before. You have at your Feet a confessing Criminal, that deserves whatever you inflict: I have cut a Throat, betray'd my Country, committed Sacrilege; if a punishment for any of these will serve, I am ready to receive sentence. If you fancy my death, I wait you with my Sword; but if a beating will content you, I fly naked to your Arms. Only remember, that 'twas not the Workman, but his Instruments that fail'd: I was ready to engage, but wanted Arms. Who rob'd me of them I know not; perhaps my eager mind outrun my body; or while with an unhappy haste I aim'd at all; I was cheated with Abortive joys. I only know I don't know what I've done: You bid

me fear a Palsie, as if the Disease cou'd do greater that has already rob'd me of that, by which I shou'd have purchas'd you. All I have to say for my self, is this, that I will certainly pay with interest the Arrears of Love, if you allow me time to repair my misfortune."

Having sent back Chrysis with this Answer, to encourage my jaded Body, after the Bath and Strengthening Oyles, had a little rais'd me, I apply'd my self to strong meats, such as strong Broths and Eggs, using Wine very moderately; upon which to settle my self, I took a little Walk, and returning to my Chamber, slept that night without Gito; so great was my care to acquit my self honourably with my Mistress, that I was afraid he might have tempted my constancy, by tickling my Side.

The next day rising without prejudice, either to my body or spirits, I went, tho' I fear'd the place was ominous, to the same Walk, and expected Chrysis to conduct me to her Mistress; I had not been long there, e're she came to me, and with her a little Old Woman. After she had saluted me, "What, my nice Sir Courtly," said she, "does your Stomach begin to come to you?"

At what time, the Old Woman, drawing from her bosome, a wreath of many colours, bound my Neck; and having mixt spittle and dust, she dipt her finger in't, and markt my Fore-head, whether I wou'd or not.

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When this part of the Charm was over, she made me spit thrice, and as often prest to my bosom Enchanted Stones, that she had wrapt in purple; Admotisque manibus temptare coepit inguinum vives. Dicto citius nervi paruerunt imperio manusque aniculae ingenti motu repleverunt. At illa gaudio exsultans, "vides," inquit, "Chrysis mea, vides quod aliis leporem excitavi?"

Never despair; Priapus I invoke
To help the parts that make his Altars Smoke.

After this, the Old Woman presented me to Chrysis; who was very glad she had recover'd her Mistress's Treasure; and therefore hastening to her, she conducted me to a most pleasant retreat, deckt with all that Nature cou'd produce to please the Sight.

Where lofty Plains o're-spread a Summer shade,
And well-trimm'd Pines their shaking tops
display'd,
Where Daphne 'midst the Cyprus crown'd her
Head.

Near these, a circling River gently flows,
And rolls the Pebbles as it murmuring goes.
A place design'd for Love, the Nightingale
And other wing'd Inhabitants can tell.
That on each Bush salute the coming day,
And in their Orgyes sing its hours away.

She was in an undress, reclining on a flowry bank, and diverting her self with a Myrtle Branch; as soon

as I appear'd, she blusht, as mindful of her disappointment: Chrysis, very prudently withdrew, and when we were left together, I approacht the Temptation; at what time, she skreen'd my face with the Myrtle, and as if there had been a wall between us, becoming more bold; "what, my chill'd Spark," began she, "have you brought all your self to day?"

"Do you ask, Madam," I return'd, "rather than try?" And throwing my self to her, that with open Arms was eager to receive me, we kist a little Age away; when giving the signal to prepare for other Joys, she drew me to a more close Imbrace; and now, our murmuring Kisses their sweet fury tell; now, our twining Limbs, try'd each fold of Love; now, lockt in each others Arms, our Bodies and our Souls are join'd; But even here, alas! even amidst these sweet beginnings, a sudden chilliness prest upon my Joys, and made me leave 'em not compleat.

Circe, enrag'd to be so affronted, had recourse to Revenge, and calling the Grooms that belong'd to the House, made them give me a warming; nor was she satisfi'd with this, but calling all the Servant-Wenches, and meanest of the House, she made 'em spit upon me. I hid my Head as well as I cou'd, and, without begging pardon, for I knew what I had deserv'd, am turn'd out of doors, with a large Retinue of kicks and spittle: Proselenos, the Old Woman was turn'd out too, and Chrysis beaten; and

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the whole Family wondering with themselves, enquir'd the Cause of their Lady's disorder.

I hid my bruises as well as I cou'd, lest my Rival Eumolpus might sport with my shame, or Gito be concern'd at it; therefore as the only way to disguise my Misfortune, I began to dissemble Sickness, and having got in Bed, to revenge my self of that part of me, that had been the Cause of all my Misfortunes; when taking hold of it,

With dreadful Steel, the part I wou'd have lopt,
Thrice from my trembling Hand the Razor dropt.
Now, what I might before, I could not do,
For cold as Ice the Fearful thing withdrew;
And shrunk behind a wrinkled Canopy,
Hiding his Head from my Revenge and me.
Thus, by his fear, I'm baulkt of my design,
When I in words more killing vent my spleen.

At what time, raising myself on the Bed, in this or like manner, I reproacht the sullen impotent: With what face can you look up, thou shame of Heaven and Man? that can'st not be seriously mention'd. Have I deserv'd from you, when rais'd within sight of Heavens of Joys, to be struck down to the lowest Hell? To have a scandal fixt on the very prime and vigour of my years, and to be reduc'd to the weakness of an Old Man?, I beseech you, Sir, give me an Epitaph on my departed vigour; tho' in a great heat I had thus said,

He still continu'd looking on the ground,
Nor more, at this had rais'd his guilty Head,
Than th' drooping Poppy on its tender stalk.

Nor when I had done, did I less repent of my ridiculous Passion, and with a conscious blush, began to think, how unaccountable it was, that forgetting all shame, I shou'd contend with that part of me, that all Men of Sence, reckon not worth their thoughts. A little after, relapsing to my former humour: But what's the Crime, began I, if by a Natural complaint I was eas'd of my grief? or how is it, that we blame our Stomachs or Bellies, when 'tis our Heads that are distemper'd? Did not Ulysses beat his breast, as if that had disturb'd him? And don't we see the Actors punish their Eyes, as if they heard the Tragick Scene? Those that have the Gout in their Legs, Swear at them; Those that have it in their Fingers, do so by them: Those that have sore Eyes, are angry with their Eyes.

Why do the strickt-liv'd Cato's of the Age,
At my familiar lines so gravely rage?
In measures loosely plain, blunt Satyr flows,
And all the People so sincerely shows.
For whose a Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Who, can't the thoughts of such lost Pleasures
move?
Such Epicurus own'd the chiefest bliss,
And such Lives the Gods themselves possess.

There's nothing more deceitful than a ridiculous

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Opinion, nor more ridiculous, than an affected Gravity. After this, I call'd Gito to me; and "tell me," said I, "but sincerely, whether Ascylos, when he took you from me, pursu'd the injury that Night, or was Chastly content to lye alone?" The Boy with his Finger at his Eyes, took a Solemn Oath, that he had no incivility offer'd him by Ascylos.

This drove me to my Wits end, nor did I well know what to say: For why, I consider'd, shou'd I think of the twice mischievous accident that lately befell me? At last, I did what I cou'd to recover my vigour: and willing to invoke the assistance of the Gods, I went out to pay my Devotions to Priapus, and as wretched as I was, did not despair, but kneeling at the entry of the Chamber, thus beseecht the God:

' Bacchus and Nymphs delight, O mighty God!
Whom Cynthia gave to Rule the blooming wood.
Lesbos and verdant Thasos thee adore,
And Lydians, in loose flowing Dress implore,
And raise devoted Temples to thy Power.
Thou Dryad's Joy, and Bacchus's Guardian, hear
My conscious Prayer, with an attentive Ear.
My Hands with guiltless Blood I never stain'd,
Or Sacrilegiously the Gods Prophan'd.
To feeble me, restoring Blessings send,
I did not thee, with my whole self offend.
Who sins thro' weakness is less guilty thought,
Be pacify'd, and spare a Venial Fault.
On me, when smiling Fate shall smiling Gifts
bestow,
I'll not ungrateful to thy Godhead go.

A destin'd Goat shall on thy Altar lye,
And the horn'd Parent of my Flock shall dye.
A sucking Pig appease thy injur'd Shrine,
And hallow'd Bowls o're-flow with generous Wine.
Then thrice thy frantick Votaries shall round
Thy Temple Dance, with Youth and Garlands
crown'd,
In holy Drunkenness thy Orgies Sound.'

While I was thus at Prayers, an Old Woman, with her Hair about her Eyes, and disfigur'd with a mournful Habit, coming in, disturb'd my Devotions; when taking hold of me, she drew all fear out of the entry; and "what Hag," said she, "has devour'd your Manhood? Or what Ominous Carcase have you stumbl'd over in your Nightly Walks? You have not acquitted your self above a Boy; but faint, weak, and like a Horse o'recharg'd in a steep, tyr'd have lost your toyl and sweat; nor content to sin alone, but have unreveng'd against me, provokt the offended Gods?"

When leading me, obedient to all her Commands, a second time to the Cell of a Neighbouring Priestess of Priapus, she threw me upon the Bed, and taking up a stick that fastened the door, reveng'd her self on me, that very patiently receiv'd her fury: and at the first stroak, if the breaking of the stick had not lessned its force, she might have broke my Head and Arm.

I groan'd, and hiding with my Arm my Head, in

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a flood of Tears lean'd on the Pillow: Nor did she then, less troubled, sit on the Bed, and began in a shrill voice, to blame her Age, till the Priestess came in upon us; and "what," said she, "do you do in my Chappel, as if some Funeral had lately been, rather than a Holy-day, in which, even the mournful are merry?"

"Alas, my Enothea!" said she, "this Youth was born under an ill Star; for neither Boy nor Maid can raise him to a perfect Appetite; you ne're beheld a more unhappy Man: In his Garden the weak Willow, not the lusty Cedar grows; in short, you may guess what he is, that cou'd rise Unblest from Circe's Bed."

Upon this, Enothea fixt her self between us, and moving her Head a while; "I," said she, "am the only one that can give Remedy for that Disease; and not to delay it, let him sleep with me to Night; and next Morning, Examine how vigorous I shall have made him."

' All Nature's Works my Magick Powers obey,
The blooming Earth shall wither and decay,
And when I please, agen be fresh and gay.
From rugged Rocks, I make sweet waters flow,
And raging Billows to me humbly bow.
With Rivers, Winds, when I command, obey,
And at my feet, their Fans contracted lay,
Tygers and Dragons too, my Will obey.
But these are small, when of my Magick Verse,
Descending Cynthia does the power confess.

When my Commands, make trembling Phaebus
Reign,
His fiery Steeds, their Journey back again.
Such power have Charms, by whose prevailing aid
The fury of the raging Bulls was laid.
The Heaven-born Circe, with her Magic Song,
Ulysses's Men, did into Monsters turn.
Proteus, with this assum'd, what shape he wou'd.
I, who this Art so long have understood,
Can send proud Ida's top into the Main,
And make the billows bear it up again.'

I shook with fear at such a Romantick Promise,
and began more intently to view the Old Woman:
Upon which, she cry'd out, "O Enothea, be as good
as your word"; when, carefully wiping her Hands,
she lay down on the Bed, and half smother'd me
with Kisses.

Enothea, in the middle of the Altar, plac'd a Turf-
Table, which she heapt with burning coals, and her
old crack Cup (for Sacrifice) repair'd with temper'd
pitch; when she had fixt it to the smoaking-wall
from which she took it; putting on her Habit, she
plac'd a Kettle by the Fire, and took down a Bag
that hung near her, in which, a Bean was kept for
that use, and a very aged piece of a Hog's Forehead,
with the print of a hundred cuts out; when opening
the bag, she threw me a part of the Bean, and bid me
carefully strip it. I obey her Command, and try,
without daubing my fingers, to deliver the grain from
its nasty coverings; but she, blaming my dullness,

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snatcht it from me, and skilfully tearing its shells with her Teeth, spit the black morsels from her, that lay like dead Flies on the ground. How ingenious is Poverty, and what strange Arts will Hunger teach? The Priestess seem'd so great a Lover of this sort of Life, that her Humour appear'd in every thing about her, and her Hut might be truly term'd, Sacred to Poverty.

Here shines no glittering Ivory set with Gold,
No Marble covers the deluded Mold,
By its own Wealth deluded; but the Shrine
With simple Natural Ornaments does shine.
Round Cere's Bower, but homely Willows grow,
Earthen are all the Sacred Bowls they know.
Osier the Dish, Sacred to use Divine:
Both course and stain'd, the Jug that holds the
Wine.

Mud mixt with straw, make a defending Fort,
The Temple's brazen studs, are knobs of dirt.
With Rush and Reed, is thatcht the Hut it self,
Where, besides what is on a smoaky shelf,
Ripe Service-Berries into Garlands bound,
And savory-bunches with dry'd Grapes are found.
Such a low Cottage Hecale confin'd,
Low was her Cottage, but sublime her Mind.
Her bounteous Heart, a grateful Praise shall crown,
And Muses make Immortal her Renown.

After which, she tasted of the flesh, and hanging the rest, old as her self, on the hook again; the rotten Stool on which she was mounted breaking, threw her into the fire, her fall spilt the Kettle, and what it

held put out the fire; she burnt her Elbow, and all her face was hid with the ashes that her fall had rais'd.

Thus disturb'd, I arose, and Laughing, took her up; immediately, lest any thing shou'd hinder the offering, she ran for new fire to the Neighbourhood, and had hardly got to the door, e're I was set upon by three Sacred Geese, that daily, I believe, about that time were fed by the Old Woman; they made an hideous noise, and, surrounding me, one tears my Coat, another my Shoes, while their furious Captain made nothing of doing so by my Legs; till seeing my self in danger, I began to be in earnest, and snatching up one of the feet of our little Table, made the valiant Animal feel my arm'd hand; nor content with a slight blow or two, but reveng'd my self with its death.

Such were the Birds Alcides did subdue,
That from his Conquering Arm t'ward Heaven
flew:

Such sure the Harpyes were which Poyson strow'd,
On Cheated Phineus's false deluding food.
Loud Lamentations shake the trembling Air,
The Powers above the wild confusion share,
Horrorrs disturb the Orders of the Sky,
And frighted Stars beyond their Courses fly.

By this time the other two had eat up the pieces of the Bean that lay scatter'd on the Floor, and having lost their Leader, return'd to the Temple. When

glad of the Booty and my revenge, I heal'd the slight Old Woman's anger, I design'd to make off; and taking up my Cloaths, began my march; nor had I reacht the door, e're I saw Enothea bringing in her hand an Earthen Pot fill'd with Fire; upon which I retreated, and throwing down my Cloaths, fixt my self in the Entry, as if I were impatiently expecting her coming.

Enothea, entring, plac'd the Fire, that with broken Sticks she had got together, and having heapt more Wood upon those, began to excuse her Stay, that her Friend wou'd not let her go before she had, against the Laws of Drinking, taken off three Healths together. When looking about her, "What," said she, "have you been doing in my absence? Where's the Bean?"

I, who thought I had behav'd my self very honorably, told her the whole fight; and to end her grief for the loss of her Bean, presented the Goose: when I shew'd the Goose, the Old Woman set up such an out-cry, that you wou'd have thought the Geese were re-entring the place.

In confusion and amaz'd at so strange a humour, I askt the meaning of her passion? or why she pity'd the Goose rather than me.

But wringing her hands, "you wicked Wretch," said she, "d'ye speak too? D'ye know what you've done? You've kill'd the Gods delight, a Goose the

pleasure of all Matrons: And, lest you shou'd think your self innocent, if a Magistrate shou'd hear of it, you'd be hang'd. You have defil'd with blood my Cell, that to this day had been inviolate. You have done that, for which, if any's so malicious, he may expel me my office."

She said, and trembling, rends her aged Hairs,
And both her Cheeks with wilder fury tears:
Sad murmurs from her troubl'd breast arise,
A Shower of tears there issu'd from her eyes.
And down her face a rapid deluge run,
Such as is seen, when a Hills frosty Crown,
By warm Favonius is melted down.

Upon which, "I beseech you," said I, "don't grieve, I'll recompence the loss of your Goose with an Ostrich."

While amaz'd I spoke, she sat down on the Bed, lamented her loss; at what time Proselenos came in with the Sacrifice, and viewing the murder'd Goose, and enquiring the cause, began very earnestly to cry and pity me, as it had been a Father, not a Goose I had slain. But tired with this stuff, "I beseech ye," said I, "tell me, tho' it had been a Man I kill'd, won't Gold wipe off the Guilt? See here are two Pieces of Gold: with these you may purchase Gods as well as Geese."

Which, when Enothea beheld, "Pardon me, Young Man," said she, "I am only concern'd for

your safety, which is an argument of Love, not Hatred; therefore we'll take what care we can to prevent a discovery: You have nothing to do, but intreat the Gods to forgive the Sin."

"Who e're has Money may securely sail,
On all things with all-mighty Gold prevail.
May Danae wed, or Rival amo'rous Jove,
And make her Father Pandar to his Love.
May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too:
And bawling win the cause he does not know:
And up to Cato's Fame for wisdom grow.
Wealth without Law will gain at Bar renown,
How e're the case appears, the cause is won,
Every rich Lawyer is a Littleton.
In short of all you wish you are possest,
All things prevent the Wealthy man's request,
For Jove himself's the Treasure of his Chest."

While my thoughts were thus engag'd, she plac'd a Cup of Wine under my hands, and having cleans'd my prophane extended fingers with Sacred Leeks and Parsley, threw into the Wine, with some Ejaculation, Hazel-Nuts, and as they sunk or swam gave her judgment; but I well knew the empty rotten ones wou'd swim, and those of entire Kernels go to the bottom.

When applying herself to the Goose, from its Breast she drew a lusty Liver, and then told me my future Fortune. But that no mark of the Murder might be left, she fixt the rent Goose to a Spit, which,

as she said, she had fatten'd a little before, as sensible it was to die.

In the mean time the Wine went briskly round, and now the Old Women gladly devour the Goose, they so lately lamented; when they had pickt its Bones, Enothea, half drunk, turn'd to me; "and now," said she, "I'll finish the Charm that recovers your strength": When drawing out a Leathern Ensign of Priapus, She dipt it in a medley of Oyl, small pepper, and the bruis'd seed of Nettles, paulatim coepit inserere ano meo. Hoc crudelissima anus spurgit subinde umore femina mea. Nasturcii sucum cum abrotano miscet perfusisque inguinibus meis viridis urticae fascem comprehendit, omniaque infra umbilicum coepit lenta manu caedere. Upon which jumping from her, to avoid the sting, I made off. The Old Woman in a great rage pursu'd me, and tho' drunk with Wine, and their more hot desires, took the right way: and follow'd me through two or three Villages, crying stop Thief; but with my hands all bloody, in the hasty flight, I got off.

When I got home, to ease my wearied Limbs, I went to Bed, but the thoughts of my misfortunes would not let me sleep; when considering how unparallel'd a Wretch I was, I cry'd out, "Did my ever cruel Fortune want the afflictions of love to make me more miserable? O unhappiness! Fortune and Love conspire my ruin. Severer love spares me

no way, or loving, or belov'd, a Wretch: Chrysis adores me, and is ever giving me occasion to address: She, that when she brought me to her Mistress, despis'd me for my mean habit as one beneath her desires; that very Chrysis that so scorn'd my former fortune, pursues this even with the hazard of her own; and swore, when she first discover'd to me the violence of her love, that she wou'd be ever true to me. But Circe's in possession of my heart, I value none but her, and indeed who wears such Charms? Compar'd to her, what was Ariadne or Lyda? what Helen, or even Venus? Paris himself the Umpire of the wanton Nymphs, if with these eyes he had seen her contending for the Golden Apple, wou'd have given both his Helen and the Goddesses for her. If I might be admitted to kiss her sweet lips again, or once more press her divinely rising Breasts, perhaps my vigour wou'd revive, which now I believe lyes opprest by Witchcraft. I shou'd dispense with my reproaches, shou'd forget that I was beat; esteem my being turn'd out of doors, a sport; so I might be again happy in her favours."

These thoughts and the Image of the beautiful Circe so rais'd my mind, that I oft, as if my love was in my arms, with a great deal of fruitless ardor, hug'd the Bed-cloaths, till out of patience with the lasting affliction I began to reproach my impotence; yet recovering my presence of mind, I flew for comfort

to the misfortunes of ancient Hero's, and thus broke out:

“ Not only me th' avenging Gods pursue,
Oft they their anger on their Hero's throw;
By Juno's rage Alcides Heaven bore,
And Pelia's injur'd Juno knew before.
Leomedon Heaven's dire resentments felt,
And Telephus's blood washt out his guilt.
We cannot from the wrathful Godhead run;
Crafty Ulysses cou'd not Neptune shun.
Provokt Priapus o're the Land and Sea,
Has left his Hellespont to follow me.”

Full of anxious cares I spent the night: and Gito, inform'd that I lay at home, enter'd my Chamber by day-break, when having passionately complain'd of my loose life, he told me the Family took much notice of my behaviour, that I was seldom in waiting, and that perhaps the Company I kept wou'd be my ruin.

By this I understood he was inform'd of my Affairs; and that some one had been in pursuit of me; upon which I ask't my Gito whether any body was to enquire for me. “ Not this day,” said he, “ but yesterday there came a very pretty Woman, who, when she had tir'd me with a long sifting Discourse; at last told me you deserv'd to be punisht, and shou'd as a Slave, if you longer complain'd.”

This so sensibly touch'd me, that I began afresh to reproach Fortune: Nor had I done, e're Chrysis

came in, and wildly throwing her Arms about me: "Now," said she, "I'll hold my wish, you're my Love, my Joy; nor may you think to quench this flame, but by a more close embrace."

I was much disturb'd at Chrysis's Wantonness, and gave her fair Language, to get rid of her; for I was very apprehensive of the danger of Eumolpus's hearing it, since his Good Fortune had made him so proud. I did therefore what I could to appease her rage; I dissembl'd love, whisper'd soft things, and in short manag'd it so like a Lover, that she believ'd me one. I made her understand in what danger we both were, if she shou'd be found with me in that place, and that our Lord Eumolpus punisht the least offence. Upon which she immediately made out, and the more hastily, because she saw Gito returning, who had left me a little before she came.

She was scarce out, when on a sudden one of the Slaves came to me, and told me that our Lord so highly resented my two days absence, that unless, as he advised me, I invented a good excuse to allay his heat, I shou'd certainly be punish'd.

Gito perceiving how concern'd I was, spoke not a word of the Woman, but advis'd me to behave myself merrily to Eumolpus, rather than serious. I pursu'd the counsel, and put on so pleasant a face that he receiv'd me in Drollery, without the grave stiffness of a Master. He was pleasant on the success of my

Amours; Prais'd my Meen and Wit that was so agreeable to the Ladies: and "I'm no stranger," said he, "to your love of a very beautiful Lady. But now, Encolpius, that rightly manag'd, may turn to our advantage; therefore do you personate the Lover, I'll continue the Character I've begun."

Matrona inter primas honesta, Philomela nomine quae multas saepe hereditates officio aetatis extorserat, tum anus et floris extincti, filium filiamque ingerebat orbis senibus, et per hanc successionem artem suam perseverabat extendere. Ea ergo ad Eumolpum venit et commendare liberos suos eius prudentiae bonitatisque. . . . credere se et vota sua. Illum esse solum in toto orbe terrarum, qui praeceptis etiam salubribus instruere iuvenes quotidie posset. Ad summam, relinquere se pueros in domo Eumolpi, ut illum loquentem audirent: quae sola posset hereditas iuvenibus dari. Nec aliter fecit ac dixerat, filiamque speciosissimam cum fratre ephebo in cubiculo reliquit simulavitque se in templum ire ad vota nuncupanda. Eumolpus, qui tam frugi erat ut illi etiam ego puer viderer, non distulit puellam invitare ad pigiciaca sacra. Sed et podagricum se esse lumborumque solutorum omnibus dixerat, et si non servasset integram simulationem, periclitabatur totam paene tragoediam evertere. Itaque ut constaret mendacio fides, puellam quidem exoravit, ut sederet super commendatam bonitatem, Coraci autem imperavit

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ut lectum, in quo ipse iacebat, subiret positisque in pavimento manibus dominum lumbis suis commoveret. Ille lente parebat imperio puellaque artificium pari motu remunerabat. Cum ergo res ad effectum spectaret, clara Eumolpus voce exhortabatur Coraca, ut spissaret officium. Sic inter mercennarium amicamque positus senex veluti oscillatione ludebat. Hoc semel iterumque ingenti risu, etiam suo, Eumolpus fecerat. Itaque ego quoque, ne desidia consuetudinem perderem, dum frater sororis suae automata per clostellum miratur, accessi temptaturus, an pateretur iniuriam. Nec se reiciebat a blanditiis doctissimus puer, sed me numen inimicum ibi quoque invenit.

I was not so concern'd at this as the former; for a little after my strength return'd, and finding my self more vigorous, I cry'd out, the courteous Gods are greater that have made me whole again. For Mercury, that conveys and reconveys our Souls, by his favours has restor'd what his anger had seiz'd: Now I shall be in as great esteem as Protesilaus or any of the Antients. Upon which taking up my Cloaths, I shew'd my whole self to Eumolpus, he startl'd at first, but soon, to confirm his belief, with both hands chaf'd the mighty favour of the Gods.

This great blessing makes us merry, we laughed at Philumene's cunning, and her Childrens experience in the art, which wou'd profit 'em little with us; for to no other end were they left, but to be Heirs to

what we had. When reflecting on this sordid manner of deceiving childless age, I took occasion to consider the condition of our present fortune, and told Eumolpus that the deceivers might be deceiv'd, that therefore all our actions shou'd be of a piece with the Character we bore. "That Socrates, the wisest of Men, us'd to boast he never saw a Tavern, nor ever had been in the common company that frequents such places. That nothing was more convenient than a discreet behaviour. All these are truths, nor shou'd any sort of Men," added I, "more expect the sudden assaults of ill fortune, than those that covet what's other Mens. But how should Pick-Pockets live, unless, by some well order'd trick, to draw Fools together, they get employment? As Fish are taken with what they really eat, so Men are to be cheated with something that's solid, not empty hope; thus the People of this Country have hitherto receiv'd us very nobly: but when they find the arrival of no Ship from Africk, laden, as you told 'em, with Riches, and your Retinue, the impatient deceivers, will lessen their bounty; therefore, or I'm mistaken, our Fortune begins to repent her Favours."

"I have thought of a means," said Eumolpus, "to make our deceivers continue their care of us." And drawing his Will out of his Purse, thus read the last lines of it.

"All that have Legacies in this my last Will and

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Testament, my freed Men excepted, receives 'em on these conditions, that they divide my Body, and eat it before the People. And that they may not think it an unjust demand, let them know, that to this day 'tis the custom of many Countries, that the Relations of the Dead devour the Carcase; and for that reason they often quarrel with their sick Kindred, because they spoil their flesh by lingering in a Disease. I only instance this to my Friends, that they may not refuse to perform my Will; but with the same sincerity they wisht well to my Soul, they might devour my Body."

When he had read the chief Articles, some that were more intimately acquainted with him, enter'd the Chamber, and viewing the Will, earnestly intreated him to impart the contents of it; he readily consented and read the whole. But when they heard the necessity of eating the Carcass, they seem'd much concern'd at the strange Proposal; but their insatiate love of the Money made 'em stifle their Passion, and his Person was so awful to 'em, they durst not complain. But one of 'em, Gorgias by name, briskly told him he was willing to accept the conditions, so he might not wait for the Body.

To this Eumolpus, "I'm not in the least apprehensive of your performance, nor that your stomach wou'd refuse the task, when to recompense one distasteful minute you promise ages of Luxury. 'Tis

but shutting your Eyes, and supposing instead of Man's flesh you were eating an hundred Sesterces. Some Sauce may be added to vary the tast; for no flesh pleases alone, but is prepar'd by art to commend it to the Stomach. If you desire instances of this kind, to make ye approve my advice; the Saguntines when they were besieg'd by Hannibal eat Humane Bodies, without the hopes of an Estate for doing it. The Petavii reduc'd to the last extremity did the like; nor had they further hopes in this Banquet than to satisfie Nature. When Scipio took Numantia, Mothers were found with their Children half eaten in their Arms. But since the thoughts only of eating Man's flesh create the loathing; 'tis but resolving, and you gain the Mighty Legacies I leave you."

Eumolpus recounted these shameless inhumanities with so much confusion, that his Parasites began to suspect him, and more nearly considering our words and actions, their jealouse encreas'd with their observation, and they believ'd us perfect Cheats. Upon which those who had receiv'd us most nobly, resolv'd to seize us, and justly take their revenge; but Chrysis, privy to all Stratagems, gave me notice of their designs; the frightful news so struck me, that I made off with Gito immediately, and left Eumolpus to the mercy of his Enemies; and in a few days we heard the Crotonians raging, that that old Rascal shou'd live so long at such a Sumptuous rate on the publick charge, sacrific'd

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him the Massilian way. Whenever the Massilians were visited with a Plague, some one of the poorest of the people, for the sake of being well fed a whole year at the publick charge, wou'd offer himself a Sacrifice to appease the Gods: He after his year was up, drest in Holy Wreath and Sacred Garment, was led about the City with Invocations on the Gods, that all the sins of the Nation might be punisht in him; and so was thrown from a Precipice.



